

1506 / 596 .

BELL's EDITION.



T H E
DRAMATICK WRITINGS
O F
WILL. SHAKSPERE,

With the Notes of all the various Commentators;

Printed Complete from the best Editions of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS.

Volume the Ninth.

CONTAINING

KING LEAR.
CYMBELINE.
CORIOLANUS.

L O N D O N :

Printed for, and under the Direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M D C C L X X X V I .

T H E

DRAMATICK WRITINGS

O F

VILL. SPERE,



M. JOHNSON, & CO. STATIONERS.



Act 4.

KING LEAR.

Sc. 1.



Drawn by

Scotson del.

MISS BRUNTON in CORDELIA.

*O dear Father
it is thy business that I go about*

Printed for John Cawthorn, N^o 3, Catherine Street Strand Sep. 5 1806.



KING LEAR.

Lear Blow winds & crack your cheeks'



SAM

V
P
E
E
E
A
H
A

BOOK

KING LEAR.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed complete from the Text of

SAM. JOHNSON AND GEO. STEEVENS

AND REVISED FROM THE LAST EDITIONS.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN CAWTHORN,

5, Catherine-Street, Strand,

BOOKSELLER TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS
OF WALES.

1820.



Learn
King
Duke
Duke
Duke
Earl
Earl
Edg
Edm
Cub
Phy
Fool
Osw
A C
Gen
A H
Old
Serv

Gor
Reg
Cor
Kne

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Lear, King of Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Gloster.
Earl of Kent.
Edgar, Son to Gloster.
Edmund, Bastard Son to Gloster.
Cuban, a Courtier.
Physician.
Fool.
Oswald, Steward to Goneril.
A Captain, employed by Edmund.
Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Old man, tenant to Gloster.
Servants to Cornwall.

WOMEN.

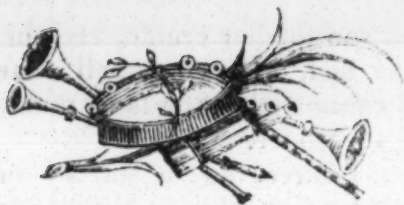
Goneril,
Regan, } *Daughters to Lear.*
Cordelia,
Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers,
and Attendants.

Scene, Britain.



King

I TH
of Al
Gl
the d
of the
weigh
of eit
Ke
Gl
hav
ow
Ke
Gl
here
10



KING LEAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

King Lear's Palace. Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Duke.

I THOUGHT, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us : but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most ; for equalities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord ?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge. I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't. 11

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could : whereupon she grew round-womb'd ; and had, indeed,

deed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account, though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for: yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming.

[*Trumpets sound within*]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER, and EDMUND*]

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.

The map there.—Know, that we have divided



In three, our kingdom : and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age ;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of

Cornwall, 41

And, you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now.—The princes, France and
Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous so-
journ,

And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daugh-
ters

(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state), 50

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most ?

That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Go-
neril,

Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the mat-
ter,

Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty ;

Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare ;

No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, ho-
nour :

As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found. 60

Love that makes breath poor, and speech unable ;

Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent. [*Aside*]

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains 'rich'
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak?

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short: that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense pos-
sesses;

And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aside*]

And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More pond'rous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that confirm'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interested; what can you say, to
draw

A third, more opulent than your sisters? Speak?

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing!

Cor. Nothing.

Lear

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing : speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth : I love your majesty
According to my bond ; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia ? mend your speech
a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good, my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, loved me : I
Return those duties back as are right fit, 100
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you all ? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall
carry

Half my love with him, half my care, and duty :
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this ?

Cor. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender ? 110

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so—Thy truth then be thy
dower :

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun ;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night ;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be ;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me

Lear B 3 Hold

Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous
Scythian, 120

Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good, my liege——

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath :
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my
sight!... [To CORDELIA.]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;——

Who stirs?

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters dowers digest this third :
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourselves, by monthly
course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode 139

Make with you by due turns. Only we shall re-
tain

The name, and all the addition to a king ;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons be yours : which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the crown.*]

Kent. Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,

As my great patron thought on in my prayers——

120 *Lear.* The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade The region of my heart : be Kent unmannerly, When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?

Think'st thou that duty should have dread to speak,

When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,

my *Lear.* When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom ; And, in thy best consideration, check

— This hideous rashness : answer my life, my judgment,

rd : Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least ; Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound

er. Reverbs no hollowness. 160

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

thly *Kent.* My life I never held but as a pawn To wage against thine enemies : nor fear to lose it, Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight !

139 *Kent.* See better, Lear ; and let me still remain ll re- The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo——

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,

Thou swear'st thy gods in vain. 170

Lear. O, vassal ! miscreant !

own. [*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do ; kill thy physician, and the fee bestow

As Upon

Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous
 Scythian,

120

Or he that makes his generation messes
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
 Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
 As thou, my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good, my liege——

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
 I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
 On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my
 sight!... [To CORDELIA. W

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
 Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Th
 Who stirs?

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
 With my two daughters dowers digest this third:
 Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
 I do invest you jointly with my power,
 Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
 That troop with majesty. Ourselves, by monthly
 course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode 139
 Make with you by due turns. Only we shall re-
 tain

The name, and all the addition to a king;
 The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
 Beloved sons be yours: which to confirm,
 This coronet part between you. [*Giving the crown.*

Kent. Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
 Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,

As

arous As my great patron thought on in my prayers——

120 Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade The region of my heart : be Kent unmannerly, When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?

Think'st thou that duty should have dread to speak,

When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,

ELIA. When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom ; And, in thy best consideration, check

5—— This hideous rashness : answer my life, my judgment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least ; Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound

aird : Reverbs no hollowness. 160

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

nthly Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn To wage against thine enemies : nor fear to lose it, Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight !

139 Kent. See better, Lear ; and let me still remain all re- The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo——

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king, Thou swear'st thy gods in vain. 170

Lear. O, vassal ! miscreant !

crown. [Laying his hand on his sword.

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do ; kill thy physician, and the fee bestow

As Upon

Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift ;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat, Re
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant !
On thine allegiance hear me !——
Since thou hast sought to make us break ou

vow,

(Which we durst never yet), and, with strain'
pride,

To come betwixt our sentence and our power, 18
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear),
Our potency made good, take thy reward.

Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from disasters of the world ;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom : if, on the tenth day following
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death : Away ! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd. 19

Kent. Why, fare thee well, king : since the
thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.——
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[To CORDELLIA]

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said !
And your large speeches may your deeds approv

[To REGAN and GONERIL]

That good effects may spring from words of love. Take
Thus Kent, O princes ! bids you all adieu ;
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [Exit

Re-entr

*Re-enter GLOSTER, with FRANCE, BURGUNDY,
and Attendants.*

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy, 200
We first address towards you, who with this king
Have rivall'd for our daughter ; what, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love ?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so ;
But now her price is fall'n : Sir, there she stands ;
If aught within that little, seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd, 212
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is your's.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Sir, will you, with those infirmities she
owes,
Unfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our
oath,

Take her, or leave her ?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir ; 220
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir ; for, by the power
that made me,

I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,

[To FRANCE]

I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate ; therefore beseech
you

To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashain'd
Almost to acknowledge her's.

France. This is most strange!

That she, who even but now was your best object
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest ; should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour ! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint ; which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not ; since what I well in-
tend,

I'll do't before I speak), that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favour :
But even for want of that, for which I am richer ;
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though, not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou

Hadst

Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it no more but this? a tardiness in nature,

Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with regards, that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear, 260

Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Dutchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,

That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!

Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich,
being poor; 270

Most choice forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!

Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:

Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.

Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect

My love should kindle to enflam'd respect.—

Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:

Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy

Shall

Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
 Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind: 280
 'Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine:
 for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
 That face of her's again:—Therefore be gone,
 Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
 Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish. Exeunt LEAR, BURGUNDY, &c.*

France. Bid farewell to you sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
 Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
 And, like a sister, am most loth to call 29
 Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our fa-
 ther:

To your professing bosoms I commit him:
 But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
 I would prefer him to a better place.
 So farewell to you both.

Regan. Prescribe not us our duties.

Gon. Let your study

Be to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you
 At fortune's alms: You have obedience scanted,
 And well are worth the want that you have
 wanted. 30

Cor. Time shall unfold what platted cunning
 hides,

Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
 Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt FRANCE and CORDELIA.*

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say 10

of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us. 309

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always lov'd our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and cholerick years bring with them. 321

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together: If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i'the heat.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

A castle belonging to the Earl of Gloster. Enter EDMUND with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess, to thy law
My services are bound : Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom ; and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon
shines

Lag of a brother ? Why bastard ? Wherefore base
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue ? Why brand they us
With base ? with baseness ? bastardy ? base, base
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating of a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake ?——Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land :
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate :——Fine word——legitimate !

Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow, I prosper :——
Now, gods, stand up for bastards !

Enter

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus ! And France in
choler parted !

Ent. And the king gone to-night ! subscrib'd his power !
Confin'd to exhibition ! All this done
Upon the gad ! — Edmund ! How now ? what
news ?

Edm. So please your lordship, none :

[Putting up the letter.

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that
letter ?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading ? 360

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No ! what needed then that terrible dis-
patch of it into your pocket ? the quality of no-
thing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see :
Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me : it is a
letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-
read ; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it
not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir. 370

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it.
The contents, as in part I understand them, are
to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he
wrote this but as an assay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. reads.] This policy, and reverence of age,
Ent. makes the world bitter to the best of our times ;
keeps

keeps our fortunes from us, 'till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep 'till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar.—Hum.—Conspiracy!—Sleep, 'till I wak'd him,—you should enjoy half his revenue!—My son Edgar! has he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? What brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there is the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it was his: but, in respect of that I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that sons, at perfect age, and father's declining, the father should be a ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested brutish villain! worse than brutish!

Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—
Abominable villain!—Where is he? 410

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, 'till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course: where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger. 320

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out: wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently: convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourg'd by the sequent effects: love cools,

cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies: in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banish'd! his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange!

[Exit.]

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour), we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy : My cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o'Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions ! fa, sol, la, me——

Edg. How now, brother Edmund ? What serious contemplation are you in ?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses ?

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that ? 477

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily ; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent ; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities ; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles ; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical ?

Edm. Come, come ; when saw you my father last ?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him ?

Edg. Ay, two hours together. 489

Edm. Parted you in good terms ? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance ?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him : and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat

heat of his displeasure ; which at this instant s
rageth in him, that with the mischief of your
person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong. 492

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a con
tinent forbearance, 'till the speed of his rage goe
slower : and, as I say, retire with me to my lodg
ing, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my
lord speak : Pray you, go ; there's my key ;—
If you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother ?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best : g
arm'd ; I am no honest man, if there be any goo
meaning towards you : I have told you what
have seen and heard, but faintly ; nothing lik
the image and horror of it : Pray you, away. 511

Edg. Shall I hear you anon ?

Edm. I do serve you in this business—

[Exit EDMOND.]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none ; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy !—I see the business—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit :
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [Exit EDGAR.]

SCENE

SCENE III.

The Duke of ALBANY's palace. Enter GONERIL, and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool? 521

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting,
ing,

I will not speak with him: say I am sick:—
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer. 530

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:

If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities,
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd

With

With checks, as flatteries when they are seen
abus'd. 54

Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks
among you ;

What grows of it, no matter ; advise your fellow
so :

I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak :—I'll write straight to my
sister,

'To hold my very course :—Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.

*An open place before the palace. Enter KENT
disguised.*

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue 55
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish

Kent,

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand con-
demn'd,

(So may it come !) thy master, whom thou lov'st
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner ; go, get
it ready.

Ho

How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What would'st thou with us? 559

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou? 570

Kent. Service.

Lear. What would'st thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that!

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do? 579

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, march, and sing; I can tell you of many tricks, and I can deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like

like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither.

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you——

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clot-pole back.—Where's my fool, ho?—think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mungrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont: there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine

own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness : I will look further into't. —But where's my fool ? I have not seen him these two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pin'd away. 620

Lear. No more of that ; I have noted it well. —Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. —Go you, call hither my fool. —

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither : whom am I, sir ?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father ! my lord's knave : you whoreson dog ! you slave ! you cur !

Stew. I am none of these, my lord ; I beseech you, pardon me. 629

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal !

[*Striking him.*]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither ; you base foot-ball player. [*Tripping up his heels.*]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow ; thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away ; I'll teach you differences ; away, away : If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry : but away : go
630 Have you wisdom ? so. [*Pushes the Steward out.*]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee : here's earnest of thy service. [*Giving KENT money.*]

10

D

Enter

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb.

[*Giving KENT his cap*]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: There, take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters.

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when the lady brach may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech. [*To KENT*]

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,

Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest, 670
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink, and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unfee'd
lawyer; you gave me nothing for't:—Can you
make no use of nothing, nuncle? 679

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out
of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him so much the rent of his
land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

[To *KENT*.]

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy,
between a bitter fool, and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad, teach me.

Fool. That lord that counsel'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me—— 590
Or do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool.

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool my lord. 68

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly on't, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching — Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest the crown i' the middle and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine age on thy back over the dirt: Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so. 71

*Fools ne'er had less grace in a year; [Singing
For wise men are grown foppish:
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.*

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah? 71

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

*Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.*

Pry'the

Pry'thee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie ; I would fain learn to lie. 728

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are : they'll have me whipt for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for lying ; and, sometimes, I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool : and yet I would not be thee, nuncle ; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle : Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter ? what makes that frontlet on ?

Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thon wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning ; now thou art an O without a figure : I am better than thou art now ; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—— Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue ; [*To GONERIL.*] so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum. 744

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some.——

That's a sheal'd peascod ! [*Pointing to LEAR.*

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool, But other of your insolent retinue

Do hourly carp and quarrel ; breaking forth 750
In rank and not-to-be-endur'd riots. Sir,

I had thought, by making this well known unto
you, D 3 To

To have found a safe redress ; but now grow
fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance ; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity 76
Would call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,

The hedge sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter ?

Gon. Come, sir,

I would, you would make use of that good wisdom
Whereof I know you are fraught ; and put away
These dispositions which of late transform you
From what you rightly are. 77

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart
draws the horse ?—Whoop, Jug, I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me ?—Why, then,
is not Lear :

Does Lear walk thus ? speak thus !—Where
his eyes ?

Either his notion weakens, or his discernings
Are lethargy'd—Ha ! waking ?—'Tis not so.—
Who is it that can tell me who I am ?—Lear
shadow ?

I would learn that: for by the marks
Of sov'reignty, of knowledge, and of reason, 780
I should be false persuaded I had daughters.—
Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, sir:

This admiration is much o' the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires:
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust 791
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth
speak

For instant remedy: Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils! — 800
Saddle my horses; call my train together, —
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet I have left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd
rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents—O, sir, are
you come?

Is it your will ? speak, sir.—Prepare my horses—
 [To ALBANI] Tu
 Ingratitude ! thou marble-hearted fiend,
 To
 More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child, Ho
 Than the sea-monster ! To

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite ! thou liest. [To GONERIL] C
 My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
 That all particulars of duty know ; But
 And in the most exact regard support Tha
 The worships of their name.—O most sma
 fault,

How ugly didst thou in Cordelia shew !
 Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame o L
 nature Wit

From the fixt place ; drew from my heart all love A
 And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear ! 82 L
 Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

[Striking his head] Tha
 And thy dear judgment out !—Go, go, my people

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant Tha
 Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord—
 Hear, nature, hear ! dear goddess, hear ! Shou
 Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend The
 To make this creature fruitful ! Piero
 Into her womb convey sterility ; Bewe
 Dry up in her the organs of increase ; 83 And
 And from her derogate body never spring To te
 A babe to honour her ! If she must teem, Let i
 Create her child of spleen ; that it may live, Who
 And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her ! Whe
 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth ;

With

With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks ;
 Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
 To laughter and contempt ; that she may feel
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
 To have a thankless child !—Away, away ! [*Exit.*]

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes
 this? 841

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause ;
 But let his disposition have that scope
 That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap !
 Within a fortnight !

Alb. What's the matter, sir ?

Lear. I tell thee ; Life and death ! I am
 ashamed

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus :
 [*To GONERIL.*]

That these hot tears, which break from me per-
 force,

Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs
 upon thee ! 851

The untented woundings of a father's curse
 Pierce every sense about thee !—Old fond eyes,
 Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out ;

853 And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
 To temper clay.—Ha ! is it come to this ?

Let it be so :—Yet I have left a daughter,
 Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable ;
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails

She'll

She'll flea thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant
thee.

[*Exeunt LEAR, KENT, and Attendants*]

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear to you——

Gon. Pray you, content.——What, Oswald, ho!
You, sire, more knave than fool, after your master

[*To the Fool*]

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and
take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after.

[*Exit*]

Gon. This man hath had good counsel:——
hundred knights!

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep
At point, a hundred knights. Yes, that on every
dream,

Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives at mercy.——Oswald, I say—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far:

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister:

If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have shew'd the unfitness——How now,
Oswald?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to
horse :

Inform her full of my particular fear ; 891

And thereto add such reasons of your own,

As may compact it more. Get you gone ;

And hasten your return. No, no, my lord,

[Exit Steward.]

This milky gentleness, and course of your's,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more at task for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

[Exit Alb.] Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot
tell ;

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well. 900

Gon. Nay, then——

Alb. Well, well ; the event. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.

A court-yard before the Duke of ALBANY's palace.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these
letters : acquaint my daughter no further with
any

any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter : If your diligence be not speed, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, 'till I have delivered your letter? [Exit]

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were not in danger of kibes? 91

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry ; thy wife shall not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha !

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly : for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, boy ?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands i' the middle of one's face ? 92

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes on either side of one's nose ; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.——

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither ; but I can tell why a snail has a house. 93

Lear. Why ?

Fool. Why, to put his head in ; not to give away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind father

father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight? 940

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou would'st make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old, before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!

Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!— 950

Enter a Gentleman.

Now now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,

shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. [Exit.]

E

ACT II.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A castle belonging to the Earl of GLOSTER. Enter

EDMUND, and CURAN, meeting.

Edmund.

Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his dutchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: you have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whisper'd ones, for there are yet but ear-kissing arguments.

Edm. Not I: Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir.

Edm. The duke here to night? The better best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business!
My father hath set guard to take my brother:
And I have one thing, of a queazy question,
Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune's
work?—

Brother, a word;—descend:—Brother I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches :—O sir, fly this place ;
Intelligence is given where you are hid ;
You have now the good advantage of the night :—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall ?
He's coming hither ; now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him : Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany ?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word. 29

Edm. I hear my father coming—Pardon me :—
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you :—
Draw : Seem to defend yourself : Now quit you
well,

Yield :—come before my father ;—Light, ho ;
here !—

Fly, brother ;—Torches ! torches !—So, farewell.—

[Exit EDGAR.]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[Wounds his arm.]

Of my more fierce endeavour : I have seen drunk-
ards

Do more than this in sport.—Father ! father !
Stop, stop ! No help ?

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain ?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword
out, 40

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand his auspicious mistress—

Glo.

Glo. But where is he ?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund ?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means
he could——

Glo. Pursue him, ho !——Go after.——By no
means——what ?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship ;

But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend ;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father ;——Sir, in fine
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm :
But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far :

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught ;
And found——Dispatch.—The noble duke my master,

My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night :
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake ;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him : He replied,

The

*Thou unpossessing bastard ! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd ? No : What I should deny,
(As this I would ; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character), I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice :
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death 80
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it. [Trumpets within.*

Glo. O strange, fasten'd villain !

Would he deny his letter, said he ?—I never got him.

Hark, the duke's trumpets ! I know not why he comes :—

All ports I'll bar ; the villain shall not 'scape ;
The duke must grant me that : besides, his picture

I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him : and of my land—
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means 90
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend, since I came
hither
(Which I can call but now) I have heard strange
news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too
short,

Which can pursue the offender. How does my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?

He whom my father nam'd, your Edgar?

Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights

That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam:

It is too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were infected;

'Tis they have put him on the old man's death, To have the expence and waste of his revenues. I have this present evening from my sister Been well informed of them; and with such ca- tions,

That, if they come to sojourn at my house, I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—

Edmund, I hear that you have shewn your father A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursu'd?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose

How in my strength you please... For you, Edmund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours ;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need ;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit
you——

Reg. Thus out of season ; threading dark-ey'd
night. 131

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some prize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice :——
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home ; the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom ; and bestow
Your needful counsel, to our businesses,
Which crave the instant use. 140

Glo. I serve you, madam :
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter KENT and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good even to thee, friend : Art of this
house ?

Kent.

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' th' mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee. 149

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for? 151

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats, a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action taking knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mungrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou denyest the least syllable of thy addition. 166

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago, since I tript up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue; for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moon-shine

shine of you : Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Stew. Away ; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal : you come with letters against the king ; and take vanity, the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father : Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks :— draw, you rascal ; come your ways. 181

Stew. Help, ho ! murder ! help !

Kent. Strike, you slave ; stand, rogue, stand ; you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*]

Stew. Help, ho ! murder ! murder !

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now ? What's the matter ? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please ; come, I'll flesh you ; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons ! arms ! What's the matter here ?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives ; 190
He dies, that strikes again : What's the matter ?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference ? Speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestir'd your valour.

You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee ;
A tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow :
A tailor make a man ?

199

Kent.

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir : a stone cutter, or painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel !

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd

At suit of his grey beard——

Kent. Thou whoreson, zed ! thou unnecessary letter !——My lord, if you will give me leave, will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.——Spare my grey beard, you wagtail !

Corn. Peace, sirrah !

You beastly knave, know you no reverence ?

Kent. Yes, sir ; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry ?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
Too intricate t'unloose : sooth every passion
That in the nature of their lords rebels ;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods ;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters ;
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.——
A plague upon your epileptic visage !
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool ?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive you cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow ?

Glo. How fell you out ? say that.

Kent.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy, 230
Than I and such a knave

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's
his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his,
or her's.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stand on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth af-
fect

A saucy roughness! and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plain-
ness

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth or in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect, 250
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front—

Corn. What mean'st thou by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you dis-
commend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatter-
er: he that beguil'd you, in a plain accent, was a
plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be,
though

though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any :

It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction ;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure
Trip'd me behind ; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man, that
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd ;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards, 27
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho !

You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend brag-
gart,
We'll teach you——

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn :
Call not your stocks for me ; I serve the king ;
On whose employment I was sent to you :
You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks :——

As I have life and honour, there shall he sit 'till
noon.

Reg. 'Till noon ! 'till night, my lord ; and a
night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[Stocks brought out.]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the
stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so :
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't : your purpos'd low correc-
tion

300

Is such, as basest and the meanest wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with : the king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more
worse,

To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

[KENT is put in the stocks.]

Come, my good lord : away.

300

[Exeunt REGAN, and CORNWALL.]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend ; 'tis the duke's
pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd : I'll entreat for
thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir : I have watch'd, and
travell'd hard ;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels :

Give you good morrow !

10

F

Glo.

Glo. The duke's to blame in this ; 'twill be taken. [*Enter*]

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw ! 31

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun !

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,

[Looking up to the moon]

That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter !—Nothing almost sees miracles ;

But misery—I know 'tis from Cordelia ;

[Reading the letter]

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscur'd course ;—and shall find time
From this enormous state—seeking to give
Losses their remedies ;—All weary and watch'd,

Take 'vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging. 32

Fortune, good-night ; smile once more ; turn
wheel ! *[He sleeps]*

SCENE III.

A part of the heath. *Enter* EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd ;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free ; no place,

That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape.
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape, 330
That every penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with
filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with pray-
ers,
335 Enforce their charity.——Poor Turlygood! poor
Tom!
That's something yet;——Edgar I nothing am.
[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Earl of GLOSTER'S castle. Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart
from home,
and not send back my messenger.

Gent.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How! mak'st thou this shame thy part
time?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha! look! he wears cruel garters
Horses are ty'd by the heads; dogs, and bears
the neck; monkies by the loins, and men by the
legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then
wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy part
mistook,
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't:

'They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than
murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home

I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that shew'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress, salutations ; 381
Deliver'd letters, spight of intermission,
Which presently they read : on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took
horse ;

Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer ; gave me cold looks :
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceived, had poison'd mine
(Being the very fellow, which of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness), 390
Having more man than wit about me, I drew ;
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries :
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese
fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind ;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore, 400
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours
from thy dear daughters, as thou canst tell in a
year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells toward my heart!

Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; stay here. [Exit Lear]

Gent. Made you no more offence that what you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserv'd it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a rose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry: the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool ?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me ? 'They are sick ?
they are weary ?

They have travell'd hard to night ? Mere fetches ;
The images of revolt and flying off !

Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the duke ;

How unremovable and fixt he is

In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance ! plague ! death ! confusion !—

Fiery ? What quality ? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them
so.

Lear. Inform'd them ! dost thou understand me,
man ?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall ;
the dear father 450

Would with his daughter speak, commands her ser-
vice :

Are they inform'd of this ?—My breath and
blood !—

Fiery ! the fiery duke !—Tell the hot duke,
that—

No, but not yet :—may be, he is not well :

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,

Whereto

Whereto our health is bound ; we are not our
selves,

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the
mind

To suffer with the body : I'll forbear ;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit 460
For the sound man. Death on my state ! where
fore [Looking on KENT.

Should he sit here ? This act persuades me,
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth :
Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with
them,

Now, presently ; bid them come forth and hear
me,

Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum,
'Till it cry, *Sleep to death !*

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart ! —
but down. 470

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to
the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive ; she
rapt 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and
cry'd, *Down, wantons, down ! 'Twas her bro-*
ther, that, in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd
his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Ser-
vants.

Lear. Good-morrow to you both.

Corr

Corn. Hail to your grace !

[KENT is set at liberty.]

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are ; I know what reason

I have to think so : if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulch'ring an adultress.—O, are you free?

[To KENT.]

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught : O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here—

[Points to his heart.]

I can scarce speak to thee ; thou'lt not believe,
Of how deprav'd a quality——O Regan !

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience ; I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty. 490

Lear. Say ? how is that ?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation ; If, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her !

Reg. O, sir, you are old ;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine : you should be rul'd, and led 500
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself : 'Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return ;
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness ?

Do

Do you but mark how this becomes the house?

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old ;

*Age is unnecessary : on my knees I beg, [Kneeling,
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.*

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks :

Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan :

She hath abated me of half my train ;

Look'd black upon me ; struck me with her tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart :——

All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall

On her ungrateful top ! Strike her young bones,

You taking airs, with lameness !

Corn. Fie, sir, fie !

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes ! Infect her beauty,

You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,

To fall and blast her pride !

Reg. O the blest gods !

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse ;

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give

Thee o'er to harshness ; her eyes are fierce, but
thine

Do comfort and not burn : 'Tis not in thee

To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,

To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,

And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt

Against my coming in : thou better know'st

The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude :
Thy half o' the kingdom thou hast not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose. [*Trumpets within.*]

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

Corn. What trumpet's that? 540

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sister's : this approves her
letter,

That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd
pride

Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows :—

Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? *Regan*, I
have good hope

Thou did'st not know on't.—Who comes here?
O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway

Allow obedience, if yourselves are old, 550

Make it your cause: send down, and take my
part!—

Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?

[*To Gon.*]

O, *Regan*, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon.

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I
offended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the
stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, 'till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd!
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl——
Necessity's sharp pinch!——Return with her!
Why the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot.——Return with her!
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Looking on the Steward*]

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. Now, I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make
me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—

But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
 Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
 Which I must needs call mine : thou art a bile,
 A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
 In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee ;
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it :
 I do not bind the thunder-bearer shoot,
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove : 590
 Mend, when thou canst ; be better, at thy leisure :
 I can be patient ; I can stay with Regan.
 I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir ;
 I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
 For your fit welcome : Give ear, sir, to my sister ;
 For those that mingle reason with your passion,
 Must be content to think you old, and so——
 But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now ? 600

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir : What, fifty followers?
 Is it not well ? What should you need of more ?
 Yea, or so many ? sith that both charge and
 danger

Speak 'gainst so great a number ? How, in one
 house,

Should many people, under two commands,
 Hold amity ? 'Tis hard ; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive at-
 tendance

From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord ? If then they chanc'd
 to slack you,

We could control them : If you will come to me
 (For now I spy a danger), I entreat you 61

To bring but five-and-twenty; to no more
Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all——

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositories;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number: What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan! said you so?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord; no more
with me. 62

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well
in favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the
worst,

Stands in some rank of praise:——I'll go with
thee; [To GONERIL]

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one? 63

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beg-
gars Cann

Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st
Which scarcely keeps thee warm——But, for
true need—— Gon
And n
Reg
But n
Gon
Where
Yo

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!

You see me here, you gods; a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both! 640

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
O, let not woman's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural
hags,

I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep:
No, I'll not weep:— 650

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or e'er I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Ereunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and Fool.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm and tempest heard.*

Reg. This house is little; the old man and his
people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put himself
from rest,

And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower. 660

Gon. So am I purpos'd.

Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter

Re enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth :—he is re-
turn'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going ?

Glo. He calls to horse : but will I know no
whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way ; he lead
himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak
winds

Do sorely ruffle ; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their school-masters : Shut up your doors
He is attended with a desperate train ;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord ; 'tis a wild
night ;

My Regan counsels well : come out o' the storm.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT II

ACT III. SCENE I.

A heath. A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter KENT, and a gentleman, meeting.

Kent.

Who's there, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you: Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element:

Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease: tears his
white hair;

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn 10
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.

This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-
jest

His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir I do know you:

And dare, upon the warrant of my note, 20
Commend

Re enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth :—he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going ?

Glo. He calls to horse : but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way ; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds

Do sorely ruffle ; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their school-masters : Shut up your doors ;
He is attended with a desperate train ;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord ; 'tis a wild night ;

My Regan counsels well : come out o' the storm.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT II

ACT III. SCENE I.

A heath. A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter KENT, and a gentleman, meeting.

Kent.

Who's there, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most un-quietly.

Kent. I know you: Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element:

Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease: tears his
white hair;

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn 10
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.

This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-
jest

his heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir I do know you:

and dare, upon the warrant of my note, 20
Commend

Commend a dear thing to you. 'There is division
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cordelia
wall ;

Who have (as who have not, that their great
stars

Throne and set high?) servants, who seem no less
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state ; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes ;
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king ; or something deeper
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings ;—
(But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom ; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret fees
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To shew their open banner——Now to you ;
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.]

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains : If you shall see Cordelia
(As fear not but you shall), shew her this ring ;
And she will tell you who your fellow is

That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm !
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand : Have you no more
to say ?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all
yet ;

That, when we have found the king (in which
your pain

That way ; I'll this), he that first lights on him,
Holla the other. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE II.

*Another part of the heath. Storm still. Enter
LEAR, and Fool.*

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks !
rage ! blow !

You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout, 60
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
cocks !

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head ! And thou, all-shaking
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world !

Crack nature's moulds ; all germens spill at once,
That make ungrateful man !

Fool.

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing ; here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools. 71

Lear. Rumble thy belly full ! Spit, fire ! spout, rain !

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters : I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness, I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children, You owe me no subscription ; why then let fall Your horrible pleasure ; here I stand, your slave, A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man : — — But yet I call you servile ministers, 79 That have with two pernicious daughters join'd Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head So old and white as this. O ! O ! 'tis foul !

Fool. He that has a house to put's head in, has a good head-piece.

*The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any :
The head and he shall louse ; —
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make, 90
Shall of a corn cry, woe !
And turn his sleep to wake.*

— for there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will say nothing.

Kent

Kent. Who's there !

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece ;
that's a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here ? things that love
night,

Love not such nights as these ; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,

And make them keep their caves : Since I was
man,

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder ;

Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never

Remember to have heard : man's nature cannot

carry

The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,

That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,

Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou

wretch,

That hast within the undivulged crimes, 111

Unwhipt of justice ! Hide thee, thou bloody hand ;

Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue

That art incestuous ! Caitiff, to pieces shake,

That under covert and convenient seeming

Hast practis'd on man's life !—Close pent-up

guilts,

Rive your concealing continents, and cry

These dreadful summoners grace !—I am a man,

More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare headed !

120

Gracious, my lord, hard by here is a hovel ;

Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tem-
pest ;

Repose

Repose you there : while I to this hard house
 (More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
 Which even but now, demanding after you,
 Deny'd me to come in), return, and force
 Their scant'd courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—

Come on, my boy : How dost, my boy ? Art cold ?
 I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my
 fellow ?

The art of our necessities is strange, 131
 That can make vile things precious. Come, your
 hovel.—

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
 That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has a little tiny wit—*

*With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain
 Must make content with his fortunes fit :
 For the rain it raineth every day.*

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to
 this hovel. [Exit Fool]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan
 I'll speak a prophecy ere I go :

When priests are more in word than matter ;
 When brewers mar their malt with water ;
 When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;
 No heretics burn'd, but wenches suitors :
 Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
 That going shall be us'd with feet.—
 When every case in law is right ;
 No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;
 When slanders do not live in tongues ;

Nor cut-purses come not to throngs ;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field ;
And bawds, and whores, do churches build ;—
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.

This prophecy Merlin shall make ; for I live
before his time. [Exit.

SCENE III.

An apartment in GLOSTER'S castle. Enter GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing : When I desir'd their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house ; charg'd me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entertain for him, nor any way sustain him. 164

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural !

Glo. Go to ; say you nothing : There is division between the dukes ; and a worse matter than that ; I have received a letter this night :—'tis dangerous to be spoken.—I have lock'd the letter in my closet : these injuries the king now hears will be revenged home ; there is part of a power already footed : we must incline to the king. I

I will seek him, and privily relieve him : go you
and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity
be not of him perceived : If he ask for me, I am
ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less he
threaten'd me, the king my old master must be
relieved. There is some strange thing towards
Edmund ; pray you, be careful. [Exit]

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know ; and of that letter too : — 18
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses ; no less than all :
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit]

SCENE IV.

*A part of the heath, with a hovel. Enter LEAR
KENT, and Fool.*

Kent. Here is the place, my lord ; good night,
lord, enter ;

The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [Storm still]

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good, my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart ?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own : Good night,
lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this cold
tentious storm

Invades us to the skin : so 'tis to thee ;
 But where the greater malady is fix'd,
 The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear ;
 But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
 Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the
 mind's free,

The body's delicate : the tempest in my mind
 Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
 Save what beats there——Filial ingratitude ! 200
 Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
 For lifting food to't?—but I will punish home :—
 No, I will weep no more.——In such a night
 To shut me out !——Pour on ; I will endure :—
 In such a night as this ! O Regan ! Goneril !——
 Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you
 all——

O, that way, madness lies ; let me shun that ;
 No more of that——

Kent. Good, my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself ; seek thine own
 ease ; 210

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
 On things would hurt me more.——But I'll go
 in:

In, boy ; go first.——[*To the Fool.*] You house-
 less poverty——

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—
 [*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these ? O, I have ta'en

Too little care of this ! Take physic, Pomp ;
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel ;
 That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
 And shew the heavens most just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and
 half ! Poor Tom !

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
 Help me, help me !

[*The fool runs out from the house.*]

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there ?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit ! he says his name's
 poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there
 the straw ?

Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away ! the foul fiend follows me !—
 Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold
 wind.—

Humph ! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters ?
 And art thou come to this ?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom ? whom
 the foul fiend hath led through fire and through
 flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and
 quagmire ; that hath laid knives under his pillow
 and halters in his pew ; set ratsbane by his por-
 ridge ; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay
 trotting horse over four-inch'd bridges, to course his
 own shadow for a traitor : — Bless thy five wits
 Tom's a-cold.—O, do, de, do, de, do, de.—Bless

thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking !
Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend
vexes :—There could I have him now—and
there—and there—and there again, and there.

[*Storm still.*]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to
this pass !— 249

Could'st thou save nothing ? Did'st thou give
them all ?

Fool. Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we had
been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendu-
lous air

Hang fat'd o'er men's faults, light on thy daugh-
ters !

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor ! nothing could have sub-
du'd nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh ?

Judicious punishment ! 'twas this flesh begot 260

Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock-hill ;—

Halloo, hallo, loo, loo !

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools
and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend : Obey thy pa-
rents ; keep thy word justly ; swear not ; commit
not with man's sworn spouse ; set not thy sweet
heart on proud array : Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been ? 270

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind ;
that

that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, serv'd the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her: swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I deeply; died dearly: and, in woman, out-paramour'd the Turk. False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand: Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, Sessy; let him trot by.

[*Storm still.*

Lear. Why thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings!—Come; unbutton here—

[*Tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, and all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

30

Ed

Edg. This is the foul fiend *Flibbertigibbet* : he begins at curfew, and walks 'till the first cock ; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip ; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

*Saint Withold footed thrice the wold ;
He met the night mare, and her nine-fold :*

*Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, Aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee !*

Kent. How fares your grace ?

Enter GLOSTER, with a torch.

Lear. What's he ?

Kent. Who's there ? What is't you seek ?

Glo. What are you there ? Your names ?

Edg. Poor Tom ; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water-newt ; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets ; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog ; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool ; who is whipt from tything to tything, and stock'd, punish'd, and imprison'd ; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear——

325

*But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware, my follower :—Peace, Smolkin ; peace, thou fiend !

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company ?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman ;
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,

That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me ; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands :
'Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you ;
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out, 339
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher :—

What is the cause of thunder ?

Kent. My good lord, take his offer ;
Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned
Theban :—

What is your study ?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin to unsettle. 350

Glo. Canst thou blame him ? [*Storm still.*]
His daughters seek his death :—Ah, that good
Kent !

He said, it would be thus :—Poor banish'd
man !—

Thou

Thou say'st, the king grows mad ; I'll tell thee,
friend,

I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now out-law'd from my blood : he sought my life,
But lately, very late ; I lov'd him, friend——
No father his son dearer : true to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's
this !

I do beseech your grace——

Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir !——

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel: keep thee
warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him ;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good, my lord, sooth him ; let him take
the fellow. 370

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on : go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words ; hush.

Edg. *Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still——Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.*

[*Excunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

GLOSTER'S castle. *Enter CORNWALL, and EDMUND.*

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censur'd, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprovable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the dutchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster: Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Cor. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

A chamber, in a farm-house. Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you. [*Exit.*]

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience: . . . The gods reward your kindness!

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend. 410

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hizzing in upon them:—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:—

Come, sit you here, most, most learned justices;—

[*To EDGAR.*

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [To the Fool.]—Now, you she foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares—Wan-
est thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:—

Fool. *Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak*

Why she dares not come over to thee. 430

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the
voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's
belly for two white herrings. Croak not, black
angel! I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so
amaz'd:

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the
evidence.—

Thou rob'd man of justice, take thy place;—

[*To EDGAR.*

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [To the Fool.

Bench by his side:—You are of the commission.

Sit you too.

[*To KENT.*

Edg. Let us deal justly. 440

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Purrr! the cat is grey.

Lear

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here
take my oath before this honourable assembly,
she kick'd the poor king her father. 450

Fool. Come hither, mistress; Is your name
Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-
stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp looks
proclaim

What store her heart is made on. — Stop her
there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire! — Corruption in the
place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity! — Sir, where is the patience
now,

That you so oft have boasted to retain? 460

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see they bark at
me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them: ...
Avaunt, your curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite:

Mastiff, greyhound, mungrel grim,

Hound or spainiel, brache, or lym;

Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tale! 470

Tom will make him weep and wail:

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.
 Do de, de de. Sessy, come, march to wakes and
 fairs
 And market towns :—Poor Tom, thy horn is
 dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see
 what breeds about her heart: Is there any cause
 in nature, that makes these hard hearts?...You,
 sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only,
 I do not like the fashion of your garments: you
 will say, they are Persian attire; let them be
 chang'd. [To EDGAR.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest
 awhile. 482

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the
 curtains :

So, so, so: We'll go to supper i' the morning
 So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to-bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king
 my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wit
 are gone,

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in the
 arms;

I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:
 There is a litter ready; lay him in't, 483
 And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt
 meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master :

If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss : Take up, take up ;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

[*Kent*. Oppressed nature sleeps :—
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
Which, if convenience will not allow, 500
Stand in hard cure,—Come, help to bear thy master ;

Thou must not stay behind. [*To the Fool*.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt bearing off the King*.

Manet EDGAR.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our
woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind ;
Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind :
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now, 510
When that, which makes me bend, makes the
king bow ;
He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away :
Mark the high noises ; and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles
thee,
In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.

What will hap more to-night, safe scape the
king!
Lurk, Lurk.] [Exit.

SCENE VII.

GLOSTER'S castle. Enter CORNWALL, REGAN,
GONERIL, EDMUND, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband;
shew him this letter:—the army of France is
landed:—Seek out the traitor Gloster.

[Exit Servants.

Reg. Hang him instantly. 521

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Ed-
mund keep you our sister company; the revenges
we are bound to take upon your traitorous father
are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke
when you are going, to a most festinate prepara-
tion; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall
be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell
dear sister;—farewell, my lord of Gloster. 531

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him
hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,

Hot questrits after him, met him at gate ;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover ; where they
boast

To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt GONERIL, and EDMUND.*]

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go seek the traitor Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us :—
Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice ; yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there ? The
traitor ?

Enter GLOSTER, brought in by Servants.

Reg. Ingrateful fox ! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean you graces ?—Good my
friends, consider

You are my guests : do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*They bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard :—O filthy traitor ! 551

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him ;—Villain, thou
shalt find— [*REGAN plucks his beard.*]

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor !

Glo. Naughty lady,

These

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin
Will quicken, and accuse thee : I am your host ;
With robber's hands, my hospitable favours 560
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do ?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from
France ?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the
traitors

Late footed in the kingdom ?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic
king ?

Speak.

Glo. I have a letter, guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd. 570

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king ?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover ?

Wast thou not charg'd at peril——

Corn. Wherefore to Dover ? Let him first answer
that.

Glo. I'm ty'd to the stake, and I must stand the
course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover ? 580

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes : nor thy fierce sisters
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up

Act

A

He

If v

Tho

All

The

C

Upon

Glo

Give

Re

Cor

Ser

I hav

But b

Than

Reg

Ser

I'd sh

Cor

Ser

Reg

Ser.

To see

And quench'd the stelled fires : yet, poor old heart,
He holp the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, *Good porter, turn the key*;
All cruels else subscrib'd :——But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never :—Fellows, hold
the chair :——

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[*GLOSTER is held down, while CORNWALL
treads out one of his eyes.*]

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some held :——O cruel ! O ye gods !

Reg. One side will mock another ; the other
too.

Corn. If you see vengeance——

Ser. Hold your hand, my lord :
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child ;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold. 600

Reg. How now, you dog ?

Ser. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel ! What do you mean ?

Corn. My villain ! [*Draws, and runs at him.*]

Ser. Nay, then come on, and take the chance
of anger.

[*Fight ; CORNWALL is wounded.*]

Reg. [*To another servant.*] Give me thy sword.
—A peasant stand up thus !

[*Comes behind, and kills him.*]

Ser. O, I am slain !—My lord, yet you have
one eye left

To see some mischief on him :——O ! [*Dies.*
Corn.]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it :—Out, vile jelly!

Where is thy lustre now ? [*Treads the other out.*]

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund ?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain !

Thou call'st on him that hates thee : it was he
That made the overture of thy treason to us ;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies !

Then Edgar was abus'd—

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him !

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him
smell

His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord ? How
look you !

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt :—Follow me,
lady.—

Turn out that eyeless villain ?—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace :
Untimely comes thus hurt : Give me your arm.

[*Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN ;—Servants
lead GLOSTER out.*]

1 *Ser.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

2 *Ser.* If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1 *Ser.* Let's follow the old earl, and get to
Bedlam

To lead him where he would; his roguish madness

Allows itself to any thing.

2 Ser. Go thou: I'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!
[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An open Country. Enter EDGAR,

Edgar.

YET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best:
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?

Enter GLOSTER, led by an old Man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,

Life

Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away: good friend, be gone:

Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;

I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean secure us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—O, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is't can say, I am
at the worst?

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: The
worst is not,

So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg;
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind

Was then scarce friends with him : I have heard
more since :

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods :
They kill us for their sport. 41

Edg. How should this be?—

Bad is the play that must play the fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*]—Bless
thee master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone : If, for my
sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love ;
And bring some covering for this naked soul, 50
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead
the blind :

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure ;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I
have,

Come o'nt what will. [*Exit.*]

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub it
further, [*Aside.*]

Glo. Come hither, fellow. 60

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.

—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horseway and foot-
path. Poor Tom hath been scar'd out of his good
wits

wits : Bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend : [Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once : of lust, as *Obidicut* ; *Hobbididance*, prince of dumbness : *Mahu*, of stealing ; *Modu*, of murder ; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing ; who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master !]

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues

Have humbled to all strokes : that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier :——Heavens, deal still !

Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly ;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.——Dost thou know
Dover ?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending
head

Looks fearfully on the confined deep ;
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me ; from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm ;
Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE

SCENE II.

*The Duke of ALBANY's palace. Enter GONERIL,
and EDMUND.*

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild
husband 90

Not met us on the way:—Now, where's your
master?

Enter Steward.

Stew. Madam, within! but never man so
chang'd:

I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming:
His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloster's treach-
ery,

And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to
him;

What like, offensive. 100

Gon. Then shall you go no further.

[To EDMUND.

Is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes on the
way,

May

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his masters, and conduct his powers :
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. 'This trusty servant
Shall pass between us : ere long you are like to
hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf, 110
A mistress's command. Wear this ; spare speech :

[*Giving a favour.*]

Decline your head : this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air ;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Your's in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster ! [*Exit EDMUND.*]

O, the difference of man, and man !
To thee a woman's services are due ;
My fool usurps my body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord. 120

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril !

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face——I fear your disposition :
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself ;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her maternal sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more ; the text is foolish. 130

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem
vile :

Filth

Ac
Fi
Tyg
A f
Wh
Mos
Cou
A m
If th
Send
'Twi
Itsel
Go
That
Who
Thin
Fools
Ere t
Franc
With
Whils
Alack
Alb
Proper
So hor
Gon
Alb.
Be-mo
To let
10

Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?

Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded?

Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences, 140
'Twill come, humanity must perforce prey on
Itself, like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows
an eye-discerning

Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats; 150
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,
Alack! why does he so?

Alb. See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,

Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,

10

K

They

They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones :——Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now !

Enter Messenger.

Alb. What news ?

Mes. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's
dead ;

Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes !

Mes. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,

Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword 170
To his great master ; who, thereat enrag'd
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead :
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shews you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!——But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye

Mes. Both, both, my lord.
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer ; 180
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well ;
But, being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life : Another way,
This news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.

[*Exit*
Alb.

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take
his eyes?

Mes. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here. 189

Mes. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mes. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd
against him:

And quit the house on purpose, that their punish-
ment

Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live

To thank thee for the love thou shew'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes. — Come hither,
friend;

Tell me what more thou knowest. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

*The French camp, near Dover. Enter KENT and
a Gentleman.*

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly
gone back,

Know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of;
which

Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most requir'd and
necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent.

Gent. The mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen
To any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in
my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down 210
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow
strove

Who should express her goodliest. You have
seen

Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day. Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted
thence,

As pearls from diamonds dropt.—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. Yes; once or twice, she heav'd the name
of father

Pantingly forth? as if it press'd her heart;
Cry'd, *Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!*
Kent! father! sisters! What i' the storm! i' the
night!

*Let pity not be believed!—*There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd her: then away she started 230
When I

To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,

The stars above us, govern our conditions ;

Else one self mate and mate could not beget

Such different issues. You spoke not with her
since ?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd ?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir : the poor distress'd Lear is i'
the town : 240

Who sometimes, in his better tune, remembers

What we are come about, and by no means

Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir ?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him : his
own unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd
her

To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights

To his dog - hearted daughters—these things
sting

His mind so venomously, that burning shame

Detains him from Cordelia. 250

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman !

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you
heard not ?

Gent. 'Tis so ; they are a-foot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master
Lear,

And leave you to attend him : some dear cause

Will in concealment wrap me up a while ;

When I am known aright, you shall not grieve

Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
 Along with me. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*A tent in the camp at Dover. Enter CORDELIA,
 Physician, and Soldiers.*

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even
 now

As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud; 261
 Crowned with the rank fumiter, and furrow weeds
 With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
 Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
 In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth
 Search every acre in the high-grown field,
 And bring him to our eye.—What can man's wis-
 dom do,

In the restoring his bereaved sense?
 He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:

Our foster nurse of nature is repose,
 'The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
 Are many simples operative, whose power
 Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All blest secrets,
 All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
 Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate
 In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him

Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

280

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, madam ;
The British powers are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis known before ; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about ;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important tears, hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right :
Soon may I hear, and see him ! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.

REGAN's palace. *Enter REGAN, and Steward.*

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth ?

Stew. Ay, madam.

292

Reg. Himself in person there ?

Stew. Madam, with much ado :

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lady
at home ?

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to
him ?

Stew. I know not, lady.

299

Reg.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live ; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us : Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life ; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with
my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow ; stay
with us ;

The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam ;

S10

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund ? Might
not you

Transport her purposes by word ? Belike,
Something—I know not what—I'll love thee
much,

Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather——

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband :

I am sure of that : and, at her late being here,
She gave strange œiliads, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund : I know, you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam ?

321

Reg. I speak in understanding, you are, I
know it :

Therefore, I do advise you, take this note :
My lord is dead ; Edmund and I have talk'd ;
And more convenient is he for my hand,

Than

Than for your lady's :—You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this :
And when your mistress hears thus much from
you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her :

So fare you well.

330

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam ! I
would shew

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

*The country near Dover. Enter GLOSTER, and
EDGAR as a peasant.*

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that
same hill ?

Edg. You do climb up it now : look, how we
labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep :

Hark, do you hear the sea ?

340

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imper-
fect

By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed :

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd ; and thou speak'st
In

In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceived ; in nothing am I
chang'd,

But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir ; here's the place :—stand
still.—How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low !

'The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway
air,

Shew scarce so gross as beetles : Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire : dreadful trade

Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head :

The fishermen that walk upon the beach,

Appear like mice : and yon' tall anchoring bark,

Diminish'd to her cock ; her cock, a buoy,

Almost too small for sight : The murmuring surge

That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes, 360

Cannot be heard so high :——I'll look no more ;

Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight

Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand : You are now within
a foot

Of the extreme verge : for all beneath the moon

Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse ! in it, a jewel

Well worth a poor man's taking : Fairies, and gods

Prosper it with thee ! Go thou further off ; 370

Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good sir. [*Seems to go*]

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg.

Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his despair !—
Tis done to cure it.

Glo. O, you mighty gods !
This world I do renounce ; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off :
If I could bear it longer, and not fall 380
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him !—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[He leaps and falls along.]

Edg. Gone, sir ? farewell.
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft : Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or
dead ?

Ho, you, sir ! friend !—Hear, you sir ?—speak !
Thus might he pass, indeed :—Yet he revives.
What are you, sir ? 392

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, fea-
thers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou hadst shiver'd like an egg : but thou dost
breathe ;
Hast heavy substance ; bleed'st not ; speak'st ;
art sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fallen ;
Thy life's a miracle : speak yet again. 400

Glo. But have I fallen, or no ?

Edg.

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky
bourn :

Look up a height ; — the shrill gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard : do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes. —
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death ? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm :
Up ; — So ! — How is't ? Feel you your legs ? You
stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you ?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his
eyes

Were two full moons ; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea ;
It was some fiend : Therefore, thou happy father
Think that the clearest gods, who make them
nours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now ; henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, 'till it do cry out itself,

Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of
I took it for a man ; often t'would say,

The fiend, the fiend ! he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts. —
who comes here:

Enter LEAR, fantastically drest up with flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate

His master thus.

430

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.... There's your press money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard.... Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;... this piece of toasted cheese will do't... There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.... Bring up the brown bills.... O, well, flown, bird!... i' the clout, i' the clout; hewgh!—Give the word.

441

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!... with a white beard!... They flattered me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say, *ay*, and *no*, to every thing I said! *Ay* and *no* too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to shake me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember: Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:

L

When

When I do stare, see how the subject quakes. 459
 I pardon that man's life : What was the cause?—
Adultery.——

Thou shalt not die : Die for adultery ! No :
 The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
 Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
 Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
 Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To't, luxury, pell mell, for I lack soldiers.——
 Behold yon simpering dame, 469

Whose face between her forks presageth snow ;
 That minces virtue, and does shake the head
 To hear of pleasure's name ;

The fitchew, nor the soyled horse, goes to't
 With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are centaurs,
 Though women all above :

But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
 Beneath is all the fiends ; there's hell, there's
 darkness,

There is the sulphureous pit, burning, scalding,
 stench, consumption ;—Fie, fie, fie ! pah ! pah

Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, 480
 To sweeten my imagination ! there's money for
 thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand !

Lear. Let me wipe it first ; it smells of mor-
 tality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature ! This great world
 Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know
 me ?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough

Do

Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love....Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it. 488

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one,

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is, And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly. 499

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear; Change places: and handy dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.——

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand; 510
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs
the cozeners.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes,

Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with
gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem 521
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now,
now:

Pull off my boots;—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mixt!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my
eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawle, and cry:—I will preach to thee; mark
me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day! 531

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are
come

To this great stage of fools;—This a good
block?—

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt; I'll put it in proof;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter —

Lear

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains. 543

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir——

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom;
what?

I will be jovial; come, come, I am a king, 551
My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, come, an
you get it,

You shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa! [*Exit.*

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest
wretch,

Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one
daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse

Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir. 560

Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears
that,

Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot : the main dis-
cry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir : that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is
here, 570

Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [Exit *Gent.*

Glo. You ever gentle gods, take my breath
from me ;

Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please !

Edg. Well pray you, father,

Glo. Now good sir, what are you ?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's
blows ;

Who by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding. 581

Glo. Hearty thanks :

The bounty and the benison of Heaven
To boot, and boot !

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize ! Most happy !
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember : ... The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand 590
Put strength enough to it. [EDGAR opposes

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,

Dar's

Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Ch'll not let go, zir, without vurther
'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor
vork pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of
my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a
vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man;
keep out, che vor'ye, or ise try whether your cos-
tard or my bat be the harder: Ch'll be plain
with you. 603

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'll pick your teeth, zir: Come; no
matter vor your foyns. [*EDGAR knocks him down.*]

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain, take
my purse;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters which thou find'st about
me,

To Edmund, earl of Gloster; seek him out 610
Upon the English party:—O, untimely death,
death!— [Dies.]

Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father: rest you.—
Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks
of,

May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's man.—Let us see:—

Leave

Leave, gentle wax, and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their
 hearts ;

Their papers are more lawful.

622

Reads the Letter.

Let our reciprocal vows be remember'd. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loath'd warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate servant,

GONERIL

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!—

A plot upon her virtuous husband's life ; 633
And the exchange, my brother !... Here, in the
sands,

Thee I'll rake up, the most unsanctified
Of murderous lechers : and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke : For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[Exit EDGAR, removing the body.]

Glo. The king is mad: How stiff is my vile sense,

That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling 641
Of my huge sorrows: Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;

And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand :
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

*A tent in the French camp. Enter CORDELIA,
KENT, and Physician.*

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and
work, 649

To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpay'd,
All my reports go with the modest truth ;
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. Be better suited :
These weeds are memories of those worser hours :
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam ;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent :
My boon I make it, that you know me not. 660
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—
How does the king? [To the Physician.
Phys.

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Curse this great breach in his abused nature !
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up,
Of this child-changed father !

Phys. So please your majesty, 669
That we may wake the king ? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed

I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd ?

LEAR is brought in in a chair.

Gent. Ay, madam, in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him ;

I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music
sick there !

Cor. O my dear father ! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips ; and let this kiss 680
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made !

Kent. Kind and dear princess !

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white
flakes

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds ?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder ?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning ? to watch (poor perdition)
With this thin helm ? Mine enemy's dog, 681

Though

Though he had bit me, should have stood that night

Against my fire ; And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw ? Alack, alack !

'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes ; speak to him !

Phys. Madam, do you ; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord ? How fares your
majesty !

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the
grave :

Thou art a soul in bliss ; but I am bound 700
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me ?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know : When did you
die ?

Cor. Still, still, far wide !

Phys. He's scarce awake ; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been ? Where am I ?—Fair
day-light ?——

I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with
pity,

To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—

I will not swear these are my hands :—let's see ;

I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd 711

Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,

And hold your hands in benediction o'er me :——

No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me :

I am a very foolish fond old man,

Fourscore and upward ;
 Not an hour more, nor less : and, to deal plainly,
 I fear, I am not in my perfect mind. 720
 Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
 Yet I am doubtful : for I am mainly ignorant
 What place this is ; and all the skill I have
 Remembers not these garments ; nor I know not
 Where I did lodge last night : Do not laugh at
 me ;

For, as I am a man, I think this lady
 To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am !

Lear. Be your tears wet ? Yes, 'faith. I pray,
 weep not ;

If you have poison for me, I will drink it. 730
 I know you do not love me ; for your sisters
 Have, as I do remember, done me wrong :
 You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France ?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam ; the great
 rage,

You see, is cur'd in him : [and yet it is danger
 To make him even o'er the time he has lost.] 740
 Desire him to go in ; trouble him no more,
 'Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk ?

Lear. You must bear with me :

Pray you now, forget and forgive : I am old, and
 foolish.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, COR., *Physician*, and *Attendants*]

Gent. Holds it true, sir,
That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As it is said, the bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar, 751

His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.

'Tis time to look about ; the powers o' the king-
dom

Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.

Fare you well, sir. [Exit. 730

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly
wrought,

Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.] 760
[Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The camp of the British forces, near Dover. Enter,
with drums and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Gen-
tlemen, and Soldiers.*

Edmund.

Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold ;
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
to change the course : He's full of alteration,
and self-reproving :—bring his constant pleasure.

Gent. 10

M

Reg.

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarry'd.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,

You know the goodness I intend upon you :

Tell me —— but truly —— but then speak the truth,

Do you not love my sister ?

Edm. In honour'd love.

[*Reg.* But have you never found my brother's
way

To the fore-fended place ?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call her's.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.]

Reg. I never shall endure her : Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not : ——

She, and the duke her husband ——

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that
sister

Should loosen him and me.

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met. ——
Sir, this I hear, the king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. [Where I could not be honest
I never yet was valiant ; for this business,
It touches us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king ; with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.]

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy ;
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us? 40

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient ; pray you, go with
us.

Gon. [*Aside.*] O, ho, I know the riddle : I will
go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man
so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt EDM. REG. GON. and Attendants.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it : wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove 50
What is avouched there : If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you !

Alb. Stay 'till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*]

Alb. Why, fare thee well ; I will o'erlook thy
paper.

Re-enter

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.

Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery ;—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love ;

Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both ? one ? or neither ? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive : To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril ;
And hardly shall I carry out my side, 70
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle ; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon : for my state
Stands on me to defend—not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A field between the two camps. Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA and Soldiers over the stage ; and exeunt. Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree tree
For

For your good host ; pray that the right may thrive :

If ever I return to you again, 81

I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir ! [Exit EDGAR.

[Alarum, and retreat within.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away:

King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en :

Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, sir ; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again ? Men must endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither :

Ripeness is all : Come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND; LEAR, and GONERIL, as prisoners ; Soldiers, Captain.

Edm. Some officers take them away : good guard ;

Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,

M 3

Who,

Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
 For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down ;
 Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
 Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no ! Come, let's away to prison : 100

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage !
 When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
 And ask of thee forgiveness : So we'll live,
 And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
 At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
 Talk of court news ; and we'll talk with them
 too—

Who loses, and who wins : who's in, who's out ;—
 And take upon us the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies : And we'll wear out,
 In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
 That ebb and flow by the moon. 111

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
 The gods themselves throw incense. Have I
 caught thee ?

He that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
 And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes ;
 The goujeers shall devour them, flesh, and fell,
 Ere they shall make us weep : we'll see them
 starve first.

Come. [*Exeunt LEAR, and CORDELIA, guarded.* 120

Edm. Come hither, captain ; hark.

Take thou this note ; go, follow them to prison :
 One step I have advanc'd thee ; if thou dost
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
 To noble fortunes : Know thou this—that men

Are as the time is : to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword :—Thy great employment

Will not bear question ; either say, thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do it, my lord.

Edm. About it ; and write happy, when thou
hast done. 130

Mark—I say, instantly ; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dry'd oats ;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Capt.*]

*Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, and
Soldiers.*

Alb. Sir, you have shewn to-day your valiant
strain.

And fortune led you well : You have the captives,
Who were the opposites of this day's strife ;
We do require them of you ; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine. 140

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard ;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the
queen :

My reason all the same ; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at a further space, to appear 149
Where

Where you shall hold your session. [At this time,
We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his
friend;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:——
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him. 150
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded.
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband 170
you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, Holla!

That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well, else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.——General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good-will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason:—Edmund, I arrest thee

On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,

[*Pointing to GONERIL.*

This gilded serpent:—for your claim, fair sister, I bar it in the interest of my wife;

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,

And I, her husband, contradict your bans. 190

If you will marry, make your love to me,

My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—Let the trumpet sound:—

If none appear to prove upon thy person

Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,

There is my pledge; I'll prove it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less

Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O sick!

200

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [*Aside.*

Edm. There's my exchange; what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:

Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,

On him, on you (who not?) I will maintain

My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Enter

Enter a Herald.

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue ; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name 210
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well ; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit REGAN, led.*]

Come hither, herald—Let the trumpet sound—
And read out this.

Capt. Sound, trumpet. [*A trumpet sounds.*]

Herald reads.

*If any man of quality, or degree, within the list
of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, suppose
earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let
him appear by the third sound of the trumpet. He
is bold in his defence.*

Edm. Sound.

[1 Trumpet]

Her. Again.

[2 Trumpet]

Her. Again.

[3 Trumpet]

[*Trumpet answers within.*]

Enter EDGAR armed.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call of the trumpet.

Her. What are you ?

Your name, your quality ? and why you answer
This present summons ?

Edg. Know, my name is lost ;
By treason's tooth bare-knawn, and canker-bit ;

Yet am I noble, as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl
of Gloster?

Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword;

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.

Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest— 240
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despight thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart—thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high, illustrious prince:
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, *No*,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak, 250
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which (for they yet glance by, and scarcely
bruise),

This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where

Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarum. Fight. Edmund falls.*]

Alb. Save him, save him !

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster :

By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer

An unknown opposite ; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,

Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir:—

Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—

No tearing, lady ; I perceive you know it. 270

[*Gives the Letter to EDMUND.*]

Gon. Say, If I do ; the laws are mine, not thine:
Who shall arraign me for't ?

Alb. Monster, know'st thou this paper ?

Gon. Ask me not what I know. [*Exit Gon.*]

Alb. Go after her ; she's desperate ; govern her.

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that I have done ;

And more, much more : the time will bring it out ;

'Tis past, and so am I : But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me ? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let us exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund ;

If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

Make instruments to scourge us :

The dark and vicious place where thee he got,

Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true ;
The wheel is come full circle ; I am here. 290

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness :—I must embrace thee :
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father !

Edg. Worthy prince, I know it.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself ?

How have you known the miseries of your father ?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief
tale :—

And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—
The bloody proclamation to escape, 300

That follow'd me so near (O our lives' sweetness !

That we the pain of death would hourly bear,

Rather then die at once !) taught me to shift

Into a mad-man's rags ; to assume a semblance

That very dogs disdain'd : and in this habit

Met I my father with his bleeding rings,

Their precious stones new lost ; became his guide,

Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair ;

Never (O fault !) reveal'd myself unto him,

Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd, 310

Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,

I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last

Told him my pilgrimage : But his flaw'd heart,

(Alack, too weak the conflict to support !)

Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,

Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of your's hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good : but speak you on :
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this. 311

[*Edg.*—This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow : but, another ;—
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity : —
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society ; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out 331
As he'd burst heaven ; threw him on my father ;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd : which in recounting,
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack : Twice then the trumpet sounded
And there I left him tranc'd.]

Alb. But who was this ?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent ; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service 341
Improper for a slave.]

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help ! help ! O help !

Edg. What kind of help ?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife ?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes ;

It came even from the heart of——O ! she's dead

Alb. Who, man ? speak.

Gent. Your lady ! sir, your lady ! and her
sister

By her is poison'd; she hath confess'd it. 350

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Enter KENT.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead!—

[*GONERIL and REGAN's Bodies brought out.*

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us
tremble,

Touches us not with pity.—

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.

Alb. O! is this he? The time will not allow
The compliment which very manners urge.

Kent. I am come

To bid my king and master aye good night; 360
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—

Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's
Cordelia;—

See'st thou this object, Kent?

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was lov'd;

The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.— Cover their faces. 369

Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send—

Be brief in it—to the castle; for my writ

Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:—

Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To whom, my lord? —Who has the of-
fice? send

Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword:
Give it the captain.

Edg. Haste thee for thy life. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence
awhile. [*EDMUND is borne off.*]

Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are
men of stones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack:—O, she is
gone for ever!—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or strain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master!

[*Kneeling*]

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors
all!

I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!—

Cordelia! Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft, Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:— I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Kent. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion I would have made them skip; I am old now, And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you? Mine eyes are none of the best:—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,

One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight: Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same; your servant Kent:

Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that; He'll strike, and quickly too:—He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,

Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and deadly.

Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd themselves, And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb.

Alb. He knows not what he says ; and vain it is
That we present us to him. 431

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be apply'd : For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power :—You, to your rights;

[*To EDGAR.*

With boot, and such addition as your honours 440
Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see !

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd ! No, no, no
life :

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all ? O, thou wilt come
no more,

Never, never, never, never !—

Pray you, undo this button : Thank you, sir.—

Do you see this ? Look on her, look on her lips,
Look there, look there !— [He dies.

Edg. He faints ;—My lord, my lord—

Kent. Break, heart ; I pr'ythee, break !

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost : O, let him pass ! he
hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch

Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed !

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long ;
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business

Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain

[*To KENT, and EDGAR.*

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go ;
My master calls, and I must not say—no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey ;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most : we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt with a dead march.*

THE END.

Alb. He knows not what he says ; and vain it is
That we present us to him. 431

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be apply'd : For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power :—You, to your rights;
[To EDGAR.

With boot, and such addition as your honours 440
Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see !

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd ! No, no, no
life :

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all ? O, thou wilt come
no more,

Never, never, never, never, never !—

Pray you, undo this button : Thank you, sir.—
Do you see this ? Look on her, look on her lips,
Look there, look there !— [He dies.

Edg. He faints ;—My lord, my lord—

Kent. Break, heart ; I pr'ythee, break !

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost : O, let him pass ! he
hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch

Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed!

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long;
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business

Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain
[*To KENT, and EDGAR.*

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls, and I must not say—no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt with a dead march.*

THE END.







J. Cawthorn del.

Th. Stothard sc.

MR POPE in POSTHUMUS.
You, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee.

Published by John Cawthorn, N^o 3, Catherine Street, Strand, Nov. 30. 1805.



CYMBELINE.

Take it, would that
 the innocent misfortune of my love, my heart
 had

W

SAM. J.

Whe
First
Each
Exha
Existe
And p
His p
And u



PR

BOOKSELL

CYMBELINE,

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed complete from the Text of

SAM. JOHNSON AND GEO. STEEVENS,

AND REVISED FROM THE LAST EDITIONS.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN CAWTHORN,

5, Catherine-Street, Strand,

BOOKSELLER TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS
OF WALES.

1818.



Cymbel
Cloten,
Leonatu
Belarius

Guideriu
Arviragu
Philario,
Iachimo,
Caius Lu
Fisano,
A French
Corneliu
Two Gen

Queen, H
Imogen,
Helen, H

Lords, I
Souths

Secr

W. Pople, Printer, 67, Chancery-Lane.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Cymbeline, King of Britain.

Cloten, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.

Leonatus Posthumus, a Gentleman married to the Princess.

Belarius, a banished Lord, disguised under the Name of Morgan.

*Guiderius, } Disguised under the Names of Polydore and
Arviragus, } Cadwal, supposed Sons to Belarius.*

Philario, an Italian, Friend to Posthumus.

Iachimo, Friend to Philario.

Caius Lucius, Ambassador from Rome.

Fisano, Servant to Posthumus.

A French Gentleman.

Cornelius, a Physician.

Two Gentlemen.

WOMEN.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.

Helen, Woman to Imogen.

*Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, a Tribune, Apparitions, a
Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other
Attendants.*

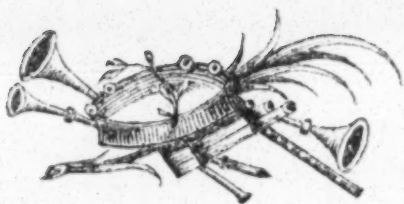
Scene, sometimes in Britain ; sometimes in Italy.



CYMRU

You d
No m
Still s
2 G
1 G

He pu
That I
Unto a
Her h
Is out
Be tou
2 G



CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE'S Palace in Britain. Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gentleman.

You do not meet a man, but frowns ; our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers',
Still seem, as does the king's.

2 Gent. But what's the matter ?

1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son (a widow,
That late he married), hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman : She's wedded :
Her husband banish'd ; she imprisoned ; all
Is outward sorrow ; though, I think, the king 10
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 Gent. None but the king ?

A 3

1 Gent.

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too : so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match : But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the Princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report : and he that hath her 20
(I mean, that marry'd her—alack, good man!—
And therefore banis'd), is a creature such,
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold 30
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His
father

Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan ;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success ;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus :
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons ; who, in the wars o' the time, 40
Dy'd with their swords in hand : for which, their
father



(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being ; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection ; calls him Posthumus ;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber ;
Puts to him all the learning that his time
Could make him the receiver of ; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd ; and 50
In his spring became a harvest : Liv'd in court
(Which rare it is to do), most prais'd, most lov'd :
A sample to the youngest ; to the more mature,
A glass that featur'd them ; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards : to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue ;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 Gent. I honour him 60
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king ?

1 Gent. His only child.
He had two sons (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it), the eldest of them at three years old,
I the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen ; and to this hour, no guess in know-
ledge

Which way they went.

2 Gent. How long is this ago ?

1 Gent. Some twenty years. 70

2 Gent. That a king's children should be so con-
vey'd !

So slackly guarded ! And the search so slow,
That

That could not trace them !

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear : Here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, IMOGEN, and Attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,
daughter, 30

After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you : you are my prisoner, but
Your goaler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate : marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him ; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness, 90
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril : ———
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections ; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*
Imo.

Imo. O dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds !—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath ; but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty), what
His rage can do on me : You must be gone ; 100
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes ; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen ! my mistress !
O, lady, weep no more : lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man ! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome at one Philario's ; 110
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter ; thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you :
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure !—Yet I'll move him
[*Aside.*

To walk this way : I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends ;
Pays dear for my offences. [Exit.

Post. Should we be taking leave 121
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow : Adieu !

Imo.

Imo. Nay, stay a little :

Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart;
But keep it 'till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?—

130

You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here

[Putting on the Ring.]

While sense can keep it on! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it

[Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.]

Upon this fairest prisoner.

Imo. O, the gods!—

140

When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my
sight!

If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st: Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!

And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone.

[Exit.]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

150

Cym.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth ; thou heapest
A year's age on me !

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation ; I
Am senseless of your wrath ; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace ? obedience ?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair ; that way, past
grace. 161

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my
queen !

Imo. O blest, that I might not ! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar ; would'st have made
my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No ; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one ! 170

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus :
You bred him as my play-fellow ; and he is
A man worth any woman ; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What !—art thou mad ?

Imo. Almost, sir : Heaven restore me !—Would
—I were

A neat-herd's daughter ! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son !

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing ! 180
They

They were again together: you have done
 [To the Queen.
 Not after our command. Away with her,
 And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience:—Peace,
 Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet sovereign,
 Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some
 comfort
 Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
 A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
 Die of this folly! [Exit.

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way: 191
 Here is your servant.—How now, sir, what news?

Pis. My lord, your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!
 No harm, I trust, is done?
Pis. There might have been,
 But that my master rather play'd than fought,
 And had no help of anger: they were parted
 By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't. 200

Imo. Your son's my father's friend: he takes his
 part——

To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!——
 I would they were in Africk both together;
 Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
 The goer back. Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me
 To bring him to the haven: left these notes

Of

Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been 210
Your faithful servant : I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence, pray you,
speak with me :

You shall, at least, go see my lord aboard :

For this time leave me. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt ;
the violence of action hath made you reek as a sa-
crifice : Where air comes out, air comes in : there's
none abroad so wholesome as that you vent. 221

Clot. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—
Have I hurt him ?

2 *Lord.* No, faith ; not so much as his patience.
[Aside.]

1 *Lord.* Hurt him ? his body's a passable carcass,
if he be not hurt : it is a thorough-fare for steel, if
he be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His steel was in debt ; it went o' the
back-side the town.

Clot. The villain would not stand me. 230

2 *Lord.*

2 Lord. No; but he fled forward still, toward your face. [Aside.

1 Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! [Aside.

Clot. I would, they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, 'till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground. [Aside.

Clot. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me! 242

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd. [Aside.

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [Aside.

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done! 251

2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [Aside.

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord. [Exeunt

SCENE II

SCENE IV.

IMOGEN'S apartments. Enter IMOGEN, and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,

And question'dst every sail : if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost 260

As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, His queen !*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam ; for so long
As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep 270
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings ;
crack'd them, but
To look upon him ; 'till the diminution 280
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle :
Nay

Nay, follow'd him, 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisa-

nio,

When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours, 200
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him
swear,

That she's of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing. 200

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dis-
patch'd.—

I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V

SCENE V.

Rome. An apartment in PHILARIO's house. Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, and a Frenchman.

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain; he was then of a crescent note: expected to prove so worthy, as since he has been allow'd the name of: but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items. 312

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value than his own), words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter. 320

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbations of those, that keep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But now comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How keeps acquaintance? 330

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom

whom I have been often bound for no less than my life!—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing. 310

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature. 312

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment (if I offend not to say it is mended), my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think; 'twas a contention

public

publick, which may, without contradiction suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation), his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France. 370

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend. 378

Iach. As fair, and as good (a kind of hand in-hand comparison) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of your's outlustres many I have beheld, I could not believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle. 390

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title your's : but you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too : so, of your brace of unprisable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual ; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last. 403

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress ; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves ; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me ; we are familiar at first. 412

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress : make her go back, even to the yielding ; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring ; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something : But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation : and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world. 423

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion ; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post.

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted. 435

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Your's; who in constancy you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of her's, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger: 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear. 447

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear. 451

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest
bodily

bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are your's; so is your diamond too: If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are your's;—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment. 465

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced (you not making it appear otherwise), for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword. 474

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Post. and Iach.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI.

CYMBELINE's palace. *Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.*

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gathering those flowers;

Mal

Make haste : who has the note of them ?

1 *Lady*. I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch.— [Exit Ladies.

Now, master doctor ; have you brought those drugs ?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay : here they are, madam :

But I beseech your grace (without offence ;

My conscience bids me ask), wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds, 491

Which are the movers of a languishing death :

But, though slow, deadly ?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question : Have I not been

Thy pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how

To make perfumes ? distil ? preserve ? yea, so,

That our great king himself doth woo me oft

For my confections ? Having thus far proceeded (Unless thou think'st me devilish), is't not meet

That I did amplify my judgment in 501

Other conclusions ? I will try the forces

Of these thy compounds on such creatures as

We count not worth the hanging (but none human),

To try the vigour of them, and apply

Mayments to their act ; and by them gather

Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart :

Besides, the seeing these effects will be 510

Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside.*
Will I first work: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee, a word.— [*To PISANIO.* *[Aside.*

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think,
she has 521

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense a while:
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and
dogs;

Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd 53
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou
think, in time

She will not quench; and let instruction enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then 54

As great as is thy master : greater ; for
 His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
 Is at last gasp : Return he cannot, nor
 Continue where he is : to shift his being,
 Is to exchange one misery with another ;
 And every day that comes, comes to decay
 A day's work in him : What shalt thou expect,
 To be depender on a thing that leans ?
 Who cannot be new built ; nor has no friends,

[*The Queen drops a phial : PISANIO takes it up.*
 So much as but to prop him ? Thou tak'st up
 Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour :
 It is a thing I make, which hath the king 552
 Five times redcem'd from death ; I do not know
 What is more cordial :—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it ;
 It is an earnest of a further good
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
 The case stands with her ; do't, as from thyself.
 Think what a chance thou changest on ; but think
 Thou hast thy mistress still ; to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee : I'll move the king
 To any shape of thy preferment, such 561
 As thou'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women :

[*Exit PISANIO.*

[*Enter* *Imogen*]
 Think on my words.—A sly and constant knave ;
 Not to be shak'd : the agent for his master ;
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 The hand fast to her lord. I have given him that,
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of leigers for her sweet ; and which she, after,

Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd 571

Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done : well done :
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet :—Fare thee well, Pisanio ;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Pis. And shall do :

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself : there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

IMOGEN's apartment. Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false ;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady, 580
That hath her husband banish'd ;—O, that husband !

My supreme crown of grief ! and those repeated
Vexations of it ! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy ! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious : Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be ? Fie !

Enter PISANIO, and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam ? 581

The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Gives a letter.*

Imo. Thanks, good sir;

You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich !
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, [*Aside.*

She is alone the Arabian bird ; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend !

Arm me, audacity, from head to foot !

Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight; 600
Rather, directly fly.

IMOGEN reads.

—He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses
I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accord-
ingly, as you value your trust.

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud :

But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—

You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you ; and shall find it so, 610
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—

What ! are men mad ? Hath nature given them eyes
[*Aside.*

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach ? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
Twixt fair and foul ?

Imo.

Imo. What makes your admiration? 620

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,

'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: Nor i' the judgment:

For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: nor i' the appetite;
Slutt'ry, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will 630
(That satiate yet unsatisfy'd desire,
'That tub both fill'd and running), ravening first
'The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
'Thus wraps you? are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech you,
sir,

[To PISANIO.]

Desire my man's at ode where I did leave him:
He's strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. 640

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,

He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad. 650

There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs,
cries, O!

*Can my sides hold, to think, that man—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be—will his free hours languish
For assur'd bondage?* 660

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens
know,

Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards
him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself 'tis much;
In you—which I account his, beyond all talents—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound 670
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me; What wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable ! what !
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff ?

Imo. I pray you, sir, 620
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me ?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your—— But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me ; Pray
you

(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do : for certainties 630
Either are past remedies ; or timely knowing,
The remedy then born), discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty ; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here : should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs 700
That mount the Capitol ; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labour) then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow ; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,

Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I, 710
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike
my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A Lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the greatest king double! to be part-
ner'd

With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseases'd ven-
tures, 721

That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,
As well might poison poison! be reveng'd;
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd? if this be true
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse), if it be true, 730
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despight, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure:
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,

Still

Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

740

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have

So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike:—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted 750
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,

A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long! 760
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

770

Iach.

Iach. He sit'st 'mongst men, like a descended
god :

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report ; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err : The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus ; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffles. Pray, your pardon. 780

Imo. All's well, sir : Take my power i' the court
for your's.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot,
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord ; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, What is't ?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(The best feather of our wing), have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor : 790
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France : 'Tis plate, of rare device ; and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form ; their values great ;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage ; May it please you
To take them in protection ?

Imo. Willingly :

And pawn mine honour for their safety : since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber. 800

Iach. They are in a trunk,

Attended

Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have out-stood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE'S Palace. Enter CLOTEN, and
Lords.

Cloten.

Was there ever man had such luck! when
kiss'd the jack upon an upcast, to be hit away!

had an hundred pound on't : and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing ; as if I borrow'd my oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that ? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aside.*

Clot. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths : Ha ?

2 Lord. No, my lord ; nor crop the ears of them. [*Aside.*

Clot. Whoreson dog !—I give him satisfaction ? Would, he had been one of my rank ! 15

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool.

Clot. I am not vex'd more at any thing in the earth—A pox on't ! I had rather not be so noble as I am ; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother : every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match. 22

2 Lord. You are a cock and a capon too ; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*

Clot. Sayest thou ?

1 Lord. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that : but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only. 30

Clot. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night ?

Clot.

Clot. A stranger ! and I not know on't !

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. *[Aside.*

1 Lord. There's an Italian come ; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clot. Leonatus ! a banish'd rascal ; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger ? 41

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clot. Is it fit, I went to look upon him ? Is there no derogation in't ?

1 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted ; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. *[Aside.*

Clot. Come, I'll go see this Italian : What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go. 51

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[Exeunt CLOTEN, and first Lord.]

That such a crafty devil as his mother
Should yield the world this ass ! a woman that
Bears all down with her brain ; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
'Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st !
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd ;
A mother hourly coining plots ; a wooer, 60
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make ! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshak'd

That

nows
side.
'tis

That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may's't stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd, lord, and this great land!
[Exit,

ano-
this
41

SCENE II.

there

*A Bed-chamber; in one part of it a trunk. IMO-
GEN reading in her bed; a Lady attending.*

e your
Aside.
I have
Come,
51

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam. 70

Imo. I have read three hours then; mine eyes
are weak;—

Lord.

Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:

Take not away the taper, leave it burning;

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,

hat
er son

I prythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods!

From fairies, and the tempters of the night,

Guard me, beseech you!

[Sleeps.

[IACHIMO, from the trunk.

;
60

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd
sense

old firm
k'd
Tha

Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus 80

Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd

The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,

How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!

D

And

And whiter than the sheets ; That I might touch !
 But kiss ; one kiss !—Rubies unparagon'd,
 How dearly they do't !—'Tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus : The flame o' the taper
 Bows toward her ; and would under-peep her lids,
 To see the enclosed lights, now canopy'd
 Under these windows : White and azure : lac'd to
 With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design
 To note the chamber :—I will write all down :—
 Such, and such pictures ;—There the window :—

Such

The adornment of her bed ;—The arras, figured
 Why, such, and such :—And the contents o' the
 story—

Ah, but some natural notes about her body
 (Above ten thousand meaner moveables
 Would testify), to enrich mine inventory.

O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her !

And be her sense but as a monument,

100

Thus in a chapel lying !——Come off, come off ;—

[*Taking off her bracelets.*]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard !—

'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly,

As strongly as the conscience does within,

To the madding of her lord. On her left breast

A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops

I' the bottom of a cowslip : Here's a voucher,

Stronger than ever law could make : this secret

Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and
 ta'en

The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what
 end ?

110

Why should I write this down that's riveted,

Screw'd

Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that
dawning

May bear the raven's eye; I lodge in fear:
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*

One, two, three:—Time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk; the scene closes.*

SCENE III.

*Another room in the palace. Enter CLOTEN, and
two Lords.*

1 Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man
in loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose. 122

1 Lord. But not every man patient, after the
noble temper of your lordship; You are most hot,
and furious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage:
If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have
gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1 Lord. Day, my lord. 129

Clot. I would this music would come: I am ad-
vis'd to give her musick o' mornings; they say, it
will penetrate.

Enter

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

SONG.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise, 149
 His steeds to water at those springs,
 On chalic'd flowers that lies;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes;
 With every thing that pretty bin:
 My lady sweet, arise;
 Arise, arise!*

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cat-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[Exeunt Musicians.]

Enter CYMBELINE, and Queen.

2 Lord. Here comes the king. 152

Clot. I am glad, I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good-morrow

tomorrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?

Will she not forth?

Clot. I have assail'd her with musicks, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new; 161
She hath not yet forgot him; some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's your's.

Queen. You are most bound to the king:
Who let's go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself
To orderly solicits; and be friended
With aptness of the season: make denials
Increase your services: so seem, as if 170
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his. We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender: 181
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,

When you have given good morning to your mistress,

Attend the queen, and us ; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our
queen. [Exit.]

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her ; if not,
Let her lie still and dream.—By your leave, ho!—
[Knock.]

I know her women are about her ; What
If I do line one of their hands ; 'Tis gold 190
Which buys admittance ; oft it doth ; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer : and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the
thief ;

Nay sometimes hangs both thief and true man
What

Can it not do, and undo ? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me ; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. [Knock.]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks ? 200

Clot. A gentleman.

Lady. No more ?

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

'Than some, whose tailors are as dear as your's
Can justly boast of : What's your lordship's pleasure ?

Clot. Your lady's person : Is she ready ? [Exit.]

Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clot. There's gold for you ; sell me your good report.—

Lady. How ! my good name ? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess——

211

Enter IMOGEN.

Clot. Good-morrow, fairest sister : Your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, sir : You lay out too much pains

For purchasing but trouble : the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me :
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

220

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being
silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me ; faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy

To your best kindness : one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my
sin : I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool ?

230

Imo. As I am mad, I do :

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad :

That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,

You

You put me to forget a lady's manners,
 By being so verbal: and learn now for all,
 That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
 By the very truth of it I care not for you;
 And am so near the lack of charity
 (To accuse myself), I hate you: which I had rather
 You felt, than make't my boast. 210

Clot. You sin against

Obedience, which you owe your father. For
 The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
 (One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
 With scraps o' the court), it is no contract, none:
 And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
 (Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
 (On whom there is no more dependency
 But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot;
 Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by 250
 The consequence o' the crown; and must not sell
 The precious note of it with a base slave,
 A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
 A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
 But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
 To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
 Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
 Comparative for your virtues, to be stil'd 260
 The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
 For being preferr'd so well,

Clot. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than
 come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment

That

That ever hath but clip'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?

Enter PISANIO.

Clot. His garment? now the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman bid thee presently:—

Clot. His garment? 271

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool;

Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually

Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: shrew
me,

If I would lose it for a revenue

Of any king's in Europe. I do think,

I saw't this morning: confident I am,

Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kissed it:

I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord 280

That I kiss aught but him.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [*Exit PISANIO.*

Clot. You have abus'd me:—

His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir:

You will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clot. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:

He's my good Lady; and will conceive, I hope,

At the worst of me. So I leave you, sir, 291

At the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*

Clot. I'll be reveng'd:—

His meanest garment?—Well. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

SCENE IV.

Rome. An apartment in PHILARIO's house. Enter POSTHUMUS, and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure To win the king, as I am bold, her honour Will remain her's.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time: Quake in the present winter's state, and wish 300 That warmer days would come: In these fear'd hopes,

I barely gratify your love; they failing, I must die your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company, O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius Will do his commission thoroughly: And, I think, He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages, Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance Is yet fresh in their grief. 310

Post. I do believe

(Statist though I am none, nor like to be), That this will prove a war; and you shall hear The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage Worth

Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
 (Now mingled with their courages) will make known
 To their approvers, they are people, such 321
 That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phil. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
 And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
 To make your vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
 The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady 330
 Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beau-
 ty

Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
 And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain Court,
 When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then, 340
 But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet. —
 Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
 Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
 Should have lost the worth of it in gold.
 I make a journey twice as far, to enjoy

A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain ; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by. 350

Iach. Not a wit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport : I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant : Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further : but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour, 360
Together with your ring ; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make it apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring is your's : If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword or mine ; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe : whose strength
I will confirm with oath ; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber
(Where, I confess, I slept not ; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching), it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story, 370

Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride : A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value ; Which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was——

Post. This is true ;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other. 390

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber ; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing : never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves : the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb ; out-went her,
Motion and breath left out. 400

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap ;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted : Her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour!— 410
If it be granted, you have seen all this (and praise
be given to your remembrance) the description
of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
the wager you have laid.

F

Iach.

Iach. Then if you can, [*Pulling out the Bracelet.*]
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—

Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

420

Iach. Sir (I thank her) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this
too;

[*Gives the Ring*]

430

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't;—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where resemblance
love,

Where there's another man: The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:
O, above measure false!

Phil. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.

440

Post. Very true;
And so I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring;
Render to me some corporal sign about her,

450

More evident than this ; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears ; by Jupiter he swears.
Tis true ;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true : I am
sure,

She could not lose it : her attendants are

All sworn and honourable.—They induc'd to steal
it! 450

And by a stranger?—No ; he hath enjoy'd her :

The cognizance of her incontinency

Is this—she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly.—

There, take thy hire ; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phil. Sir, be patient :

This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of——

Post. Never talk on't :

She hath been colted by him. 460

Iach. If you seek

For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing), lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging : By my life,
I kiss'd it ; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it. 470

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetick : never count the
turns ;
Once, and a million!

Iach.

Iach. I'll be sworn—

Post. No swearing:—

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her here, to tear her limb-
meal! 480

I will go there and do't i' the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something.—

[*Exit.*

Phil. Quite besides

The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

*Another room in PHILARIO's house. Enter Post-
HUMUS.*

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man, which I 490
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The non-pareil of this.—Oh vengeance, vengeance
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with

A pre

A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought
her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the devils;—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour—was't not?—501
Or less—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd, *oh!* and mounted: found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be't lying, note it, 509
The woman's: flattering, her's; deceiving, her's;
Lust and rank thoughts, her's, her's; revenges,
her's;

Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, her's, in part, or all; but, rather, all:

For even to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still

One vice, but of a minute old, for one

Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,

Detest them, curse them. Yet 'tis greater skill

In a true hate, to pray they have their will: 521

The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE'S Palace. Enter, in state, CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS, and attendants.

Cymbeline.

Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet

Lives in men's eyes: and will to ears, and tongues, Be theme and hearing ever) was in this Britain, And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle (Famous in Cæsar's praises, no wit less Than in his feats deserving it), for him, And his succession, granted Rome a tribute, Yearly three thousand pounds: which by thee lately Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many Cæsars, Ere such another Julius. Britain is A world by itself; and we will nothing pay For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity, Which then they had to take from us, to resume We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege, The kings your ancestors; together with The natural bravery of your isle; which stands As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in

With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters ;
 With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
 But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest

Cæsar made here ; but made not here his brag
 Of, *came and saw and overcame* : with shame
 (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
 From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his shipping
 (Poor ignorant baubles !) on our terrible seas, 30
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks : For joy whereof,
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
 (O, giglet fortune !) to master Cæsar's sword,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And Britons strut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid.
 Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time ;
 and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars : other
 of them may have crock'd noses ; but, to own such
 strait arms, none. 41

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as
 hard as Cassibelan ; I do not say, I am one ; but I
 have a hand—Why tribute ? why should we pay
 tribute ? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a
 blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will
 pay him tribute for light ; else, sir, no more tribute,
 pray you know.

Cym. You must know, 50
 Till the injurious Roman did extort
 This tribute from us, we were free : Cæsar's ambition
 Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
 The

The sides o' the world), against all colour, here
 Did put the yoke upon us ; which to shake off,
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 Ourselves to be ; we do. Say then to Cæsar,
 Our ancestor was that Mulinutius, which
 Ordain'd our laws ; whose use the sword of Cæsar
 Hath too much mangled ; whose repair, and fran-
 chise,

Shall by the power we hold, be our good deed,
 Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulinutius
 made our laws,

Who was the first of Britain, which did put
 His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
 Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
 That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
 (Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
 Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy :
 Receive it from me then :—War, and confusion, 70
 In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee : look
 For fury not to be resisted :—Thus defy'd,
 I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
 Thy Cæsar knighted me ; my youth I spent
 Much under him : of him I gather'd honour,
 Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
 Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
 Their liberties, are now in arms : a precedent 80
 Which, not to read, would shew the Britons cold
 So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clot. His majesty bids you welcome. Make par-

time with us a day, or two, or longer : If you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle : if you beat us out of it, it is your's ; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall spare the better for you ; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

90

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine :

All the remain is welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another room. Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How ! of adultery ? Wherefore write you not What monsters her accuse ?—Leonatus !

O master ! what a strange infection

Is fallen into thine ear ? What false Italian

(As poisonous tongu'd, as handed), hath prevail'd

On thy too ready hearing ?—Disloyal ? No :

She's punish'd for her truth ; and undergoes,

More goodness-like than wife-like, such assaults

As would take in some virtue.—O my master !

Thy mind to her is now as low, as were 102

Thy fortunes.—How ! that I should murder her ?

Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I

Have made to thy command !—I, her ?—her blood ?

If it be so to do good service, never

Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,

That I should seem to lack humanity,

So

So much as this fact comes to? *Do't*: *The letter*
 [Reading, 110
That I have sent her, by her own command,
Shall give thee opportunity:—O damn'd paper!
 Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble;
 Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
 So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
 That knew the stars as I his characters; 120
 He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
 Of my lord's health, of his content—yet not,
 That we two are asunder, let that grieve him!
 (Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them
 For it doth physic love)—of his content,
 All but in that!—Good wax thy leave:—Blest be
 You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers
 And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
 Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet 130
 You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods

[Reading
Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me
in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you,
the dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with
 your

your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hears't thou, Pisanio? He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me 141
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st—
O, let me bate—but not like me: yet long'st—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond), say, and speak thick,
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense), how far it is 150
To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
Till our return, to excuse;—but, first, how get
hence:

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot;
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
Twixt hour and hour? 160

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could

Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding
wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf:—But this is fool-
ery:—

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father: and provide me, present-
ly,

A riding suit no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here
Nor what ensues ; but have a fog in them,
'That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee:
Do as I bid thee : There's no more to say ;
Accessible is none but Milford-way. [Exit

SCENE III.

Changes to a forest, in Wales, with a cave. Entomologia.
BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roofs as low as ours! Stoop, boys: The
gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows
you

To morning's holy office: The gates of monarch
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without

Good-morrow to the sun. — Hail, thou fair heaven !
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven !

Arv. Hail, heaven !

Bel. Now for our mountain sport : Up to your
hill.

Your legs are young ; I'll tread these flats. Consi-
der,

When you above perceive me like a crow, 190
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.

And you may then revolve what tales I have told
you,

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war :

This service is not service, so being done,

But being so allow'd : To apprehend thus,

Draws us a profit from all things we see :

And often, to our comfort, shall we find

The sharded beetle in a safer hold

Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life

Is nobler, than attending for a check ; 200

Richer, than doing nothing for a babe ;

Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk :

Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,

Yet keeps his book uncross'd : no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak : we, poor
unfledg'd,

Have never wing'd a from view o' the nest ; nor know
not

What air's from home. Haply, this life's best,

If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you,

That have a sharper known ; well corresponding

With

With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is 210
 A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit.

Arr. What should we speak of,
 When we are as old as you? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;
 We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat: 220
 Our valour is, to chace what flies; our cage
 We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
 Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
 As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
 The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger 230
 I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i' the
 search;

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
 As record of fair act; nay, many times,
 Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
 Must curt'sy at the censure:—O, boys, this story
 The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
 With Roman swords; and my report was once
 First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off: Then was I as a tree, 240
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night

A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you
oft)

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, these twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my
world:

Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; pay'd 252
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the moun-
tains;

This is not hunters' language: He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the vallies.

[*Exeunt GUID. and ARV.*]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature! 260
These boys know little, they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams they are alive.

They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up
thus meanly
In the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do
hit

The roofs of palaces: and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. 'This Polydore—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom

The

The king his father call'd Guiderius—Jove!
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell 270
 'The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story: say—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture

That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
 (Once, Arviragus) in as like a figure,
 Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
 His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rouz'd!—
 O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon, 281
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou rest'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their
 mother,

And every day do honour to her grave:
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game is up.

[Exit]

SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven. Enter PISANIO and IMOGENE.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse
 the place
 Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so

To see me first, as I have now :—Pisanio ! Man !
Where is Posthumus ? What is in thy mind, 292
That makes thee stare thus ? Wherefore breaks that
sigh

From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news, 300
Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still. My husband's
hand!

That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him,
And he's at some hard point. — Speak, man : thy
tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune. 309

IMOGEN *reads.*

Thy mistress, *Pisanio*, hath play'd the strumpet in my bed: the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, *Pisanio*, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of her's. Let thine own hands take away her life; I shall give thee opportunity at *Milford-Haven*: she hath my letter for the purpose:

Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.

319

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the
paper

Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose
tongue

Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave.
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, ma-
dam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge
nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontineny:
'Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion; 340
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ript.—To pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seem-
ing,

By

By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany ; not born, where't grows ;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false
Æneas,

Were in his time, thought false : and Sinon's weep-
ing

Did scandal many a holy tear ; took pity 350

From most true wretchedness : So, thou, Posthu-
mus,

Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men ;

Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,

From thy great fail — Come, fellow, be thou honest :

Do thou thy master's bidding : When thou sees't
him,

A little witness my obedience : Look !

I draw the sword myself : take it ; and bit

The innocent mansion of my love, my heart :

Fear not ; 'tis empty of all things, but grief :

Thy master is not there ; who was indeed, 360

The riches of it : Do his bidding ; strike.

Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause ;

But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument !

Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die ;

And if I do not by thy hand, thou art

No servant of thy master's : Against self-slaughter

There is a prohibition so divine,

That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my
heart ; — 370

Something's afore't : — Soft, soft ; we'll no defence ;
Obedient

Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
 The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
 All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
 Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
 Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
 Believe false teachers: Though those that are be-
 tray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou Posthumus, that diddest set up 380
 My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
 And mads't me put into contempt the suits
 Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
 It is no act of common passage, but
 A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
 To think when thou shalt be dis-edg'd by her
 That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
 Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, dispatch:
 The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding, 390
 When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady!

Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Did'st undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
 So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
 Mine action and thine own? our horses' labour?
 The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court, 401
 For my being absent; whereunto I never
 Purpose to return? Why hast thou gone so far,

To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment : in the which
I have consider'd of a course ; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary ; speak : 410
I have heard I am a strumpet ; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like ;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither :
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be, 420
But that my master is abus'd :
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it ; for 'tis commanded
I should do so : You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow, 430
What shall I do the while ? Where bide ? How
live ?

Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband ?

Pis. If you'll back to the court——

Imo. No court, no father ; nor no more ado
With

With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing ;
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide. 440

Imo. Where then ?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines ? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain ? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it ;
In a great pool a swan's nest : Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow : Now, if you could wear a mind 450
Dark as your fortune is ; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger ; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view : yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus ! so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means !
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't, 460
I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then here's the point :
You must forget to be a woman ; change
Command into obedience ; fear, and niceness
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Women its pretty sel'), into a waggish courage ;
Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel : nay, you must

Forge

Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart ! 470
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan ; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief :
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this I have already fit
(Tis in my cloke-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all 480
That answer to them : Would you in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy (which you'll make him
know,
If that his head have ear in musick,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you ; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me, rich ; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplemt. 490

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away :
There's more to be consider'd ; but we'll even
All that good time will give us : This attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.
Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell :
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box ; I had it from the queen ; 500 -

What's

What's in't is precious : if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.——To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood :—May the gods
Direct you to the best !

Imo. Amen : I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*The Palace of CYMBELINE. Enter CYMBELINE,
Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and Lords.*

Cym. Thus far ; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote : I must from hence ;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye 51
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,

Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself
To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you

A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.——
Madam, all joy befall your grace and you !

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that
fice ;

The due of honour in no point omit :——

So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly : but from this time
forth

I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event

Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,

'Till he have crost the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exit LUCIUS, &c.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,

That we have given him cause. 530

Clot. 'Tis all the better;

Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor

How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,

Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:

The powers that he already hath in Gallia

Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves

His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;

But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly. 540

Cym. Our expectation that it should be thus,

Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,

Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd

Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd

The duty of the day: She looks us like

A thing more made of malice than of duty;

We have noted it.—Call her before us; for

We have been too light in sufferance.

[*Exit a Servant.*]

Queen. Royal sir,

Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd 550

Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,

'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,

Forbear sharp speeches to her : She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Serv. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close; 562
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer : this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false! [Exit.]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king. 571

Clot. That man of her's, Pisanio, her old ser-
vant,
I have not seen these two days. [Exit.]

Queen. Go, look after.—
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine : I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that ; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her
Or wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus : Gone she is 581

To death or to dishonour ; and my end
Can make good use of either : She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son ?

Clot. 'Tis certain, she is fled :
Go in, and cheer the king ; he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better : May
This night forestall him of the coming day ! 590
[*Exit Queen.*]

Clot. I love, and hate her : for she's fair and
royal ;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman ; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all : I love her therefore ; but
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is choak'd ; and, in that
point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools 600

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here ? What ! are you packing,
sirrah ?

Come hither : Ah, you precious pander ! Villain,
Where is thy lady ? In a word ; or else
Thou art straitway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord !

Clot.

Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clot. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once 620
At the next word—No more of worthy lord—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by
this, } *Aside.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Humh! 632

Pis. I'll write to my lord, she's dead. O, Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again! *[Aside.]*

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot.

Clot. It is Posthumus' hand ; I know't.—Sirrah' if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo these employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry—that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly—I would think thee an honest man : thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment. 645

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me ? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou can'st not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me ? 620

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession ?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither : let it be thy first service ; go. 658

Pis. I shall, my lord. [Exit.

Clot. Meet thee at Milford-Haven ?—I forgot to ask him one thing ; I'll remember't anon :—Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would these garments were come. She said upon a time (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart), that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish 63

ravish her : First kill him, and in her eyes ; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body—and when my lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so prais'd), to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

676

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to Milford Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber ; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee : the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford ; Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true.

[Exit

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss : for, true to thee,

Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true.—To Milford go, 69
And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her ! This fool's speed
Be crost with slowness ; labour be his meed ! [Exit

SCENE

SCENE VI.

The forest and cave. Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one :
I have tir'd myself ; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain top Pisanio shew'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken : O Jove, I think,
Foundations fly the wretched : such, I mean, 700
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told
me,

I could not miss my way : will poor folk lie,
That have afflictions on them ; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial ? Yes : no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true : To lapse in fullness
Is sorer, than to lie for need ; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord !
Thou art one o' the false ones : Now, I think on
thee,

My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this ? 710
Here is a path to it : 'Tis some savage hold :
I were best not call ; I dare not call : yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards ; hardness ever
Of hardness is mother.—Ho ! who's here ?
If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage,
Take, or lend.—Ho !—No answer ? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy

But

But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't:
Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the cave.*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman,
and

Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook, and servant: 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Guid. I am thoroughly weary. 730

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Guid. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll brouze
on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in:— [*Looking n.*]
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy! 740

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good
troth,

I have stolen nought : nor would not, though I had
found

Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for my
meat :

I would have left it on the board, so soon

As I had made my meal : and parted

With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth ?

Arr. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !

As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those 751

Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry :

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should

Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound ?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What is your name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir : I have a kinsman, who
is bound for Italy ; he embark'd at Milford ; 760

To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pry'thee, fair youth,

Think us no churls ; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd !

'Tis almost night : you shall have better cheer

Ere you depart ; and thanks, to stay and eat it. —

Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a woman, youth,

I should woo hard but be your groom.—In honesty

I bid for you, as I'd buy. 771

Arr. I'll mak't my comfort,

He is a man ; I'll love him as my brother :—

And

And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is your's:—Most wel-
come!

Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!

If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Guid. 'Would, I could free't!

Arr. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost! what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.

[*Whispering*

Imo. Great men,

That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them (laying b
'That nothing-gift of differing multitudes), 79
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me
Gods!

I'd change my sex to be companion'with them,
Since Leonatus false—

Bel. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt,—Fair youth, com
in:

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Guid. Pray, draw near.

Arr. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark
less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Arv. Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ ;
That since the common men are now in action
Against the Pannonians and Dalmatians ;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Too weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons ; that we do incite
The gentry to this business : He creates 810
Lucius pro-consul : and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar !

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces ?

2 Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia ?

1 Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant : The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time 820
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The forest, near the cave. Enter CLOTEN.

Cloten.

I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. There is I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself (for it is not vain glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverent thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is ty'd up safe: Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting

meeting
me.

The cave

Bel.

We'll co

Arr.

Are we

Imo.

But clay

Whose

Guid.

Imo.

But not

To seem

Stick to

Is breach

Cannot a

To one n

Since I ca

Ill rob n

Tealing s

Guid.

How muc

Is I do k

Bel. W

Arr. I

my goo

4

meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The cave. Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well. Remain here in the cave; We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here: [To IMOGEN.
Are we not brothers? 30

Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not; yet I am not well:
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort 40
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Healing so poorly.

Guid. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
To my good brother's fault: I know not why, 50

I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason : The bier at
door,

And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain !

O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base :
Nature hath meal, and bran ; contempt, and
grace.

I am not their father, yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.

'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

60

Arr. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport,

Arr. You health.—So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods,
what lies I have heard !

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court :
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report !

The imperious seas breed monsters ; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still ; heart sick :—Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

70

Guid. I could not stir him :

He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate ;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arr. Thus did he answer me : yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field :—

We'll leave you for this time ; go in, and rest.

Arr. We'll not be long away.

80

Bel. Pray, be not sick,

For

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

[Exit IMOGEN.]

Bel. And shalt be ever.—

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath
had

Good ancestors.

Arr. How angel-like he sings!

Guid. But his neat cookery!

He cut our roots in characters;

And sauc'd our broths, as though Juno had been
sick,

91

And he her dieter.

Arr. Nobly he yokes

A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh

Was that it was, for not being such a smile;

The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly

From so divine a temple, to commix

With winds that sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note,

That grief and patience, rooted in him both,

Mingle their spurs together.

100

Arr. Grow, patience!

And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine

His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come; away.—Who's
there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clot. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!

Means

Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
 Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
 I saw him not these many years, and yet 110
 I know, 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.

Guid. He is but one:—You and my brother
 search

What companies are near; pray you, away;
 Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt* BELARIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.]

Clot. Soft! What are you
 That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
 I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Guid. A thing
 More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
 A slave without a knock. 120

Clot. Thou art a robber,
 A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

Guid. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have
 not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
 Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
 My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
 Why I should yield to thee?

Clot. Thou villain base,
 Know'st me not by my clothes?

Guid. No, nor thy tailor, rascal, 130
 Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
 Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou precious varlet,
 My tailor made them not.

Guid. Hence then, and thank
 The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool
 I am loth to beat thee.

Clot.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name? 140

Clot. Cloten, thou villain.

Guid. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know,
I am son to the queen.

Guid. I am sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afraid? 150

Guid. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the
wise:

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the death;
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads;
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Fight, and exeunt.*]

Enter BELARIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: You did mistake him,
sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten. 164

Arv. In this place we left them:

I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors : For the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear—But see, thy brother. 171

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN's head.

Guid. This Cloten was a fool ; an empty purse,
There was no money in't : not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none :
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne,
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done ?

Guid. I am perfect, what : cut off one Cloten's
head,

Son to the queen, after his own report ;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer ; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in, 181
Displace our heads, where thank the gods they
grow,

And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives ? The law
Protects not us ; Then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us ;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself ;
For we do fear the law ? What company 190
Discover you abroad ?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his honour
Was

I love thee brotherly ; but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed : I would, re-
venges

That possible strength might meet, would seek us
through,

And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done :—

We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock ;
You and Fidele play the cooks ; I'll stay 232
'Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arr. Poor sick Fidele !

I'll willingly to him ; To gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood,
And praise myself for charity.

[*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys ! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rudest wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd ; honour untaught ;
Civility not seen from other ; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop 250
As if it had been sow'd ! Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends ;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Guid. Where's my brother?

I have sent Cloten's clot-pole down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. *[Solemn musick.*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!

Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark? 260

Guid. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean? since the death of
my dearest mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?—

Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,

Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.

Is Cadwal mad?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN as dead, bearing
her in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms, 270
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel.

Bel. O, melancholy !

280

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom ? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in ?—Thou blessed thing !
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made ;
but I,

Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy !—
How found you him ?

Arr. Stark, as you see ;

Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at : his right
cheek

Reposing on a cushion.

290

Guid. Where ?

Arr. O' the floor ;

His arms thus leagu'd : I thought, he slept ; and
put

My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose ruden-
ness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps ;

If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed ;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arr. With fairest flowers,

300

Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave : Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath : the ruddock would
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie

Without

Without a monument!) bring thee all this ;
 Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are
 none,

To winter-ground thy corse. 311

Guid. Pr'ythee, have done ;
 And do not play in wench-like words with that
 Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
 And not protract with admiration what
 Is now due debt.—'To the grave.

Arr. Say, where shall's lay him ?

Guid. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arr. Be't so :

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices 320
 Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the
 ground,

As once our mother ; use like note, and words,
 Have that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Guid. Cadwal,
 Cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee :
 For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
 Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arr. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less : for
 Cloten

quite forgot. He was the queen's son, boys ; 330
 And, though he came our enemy, remember,
 He was paid for that : Though mean and mighty,
 rotting

together, have one dust ; yet reverence
 That angel of the world), doth make distinction
 Of place twixt high and low. Our foe was princely ;
 And though you took his life, as being our foe,
 Let bury him as a prince.

Guid.

Guid. Pray you, fetch him hither.
'Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[*Exit* BELARIUS.]

Guid. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the
east;

My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So——Begin.

SONG.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Both golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physick, must
All follow this and come to dust.

Guid. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Guid. Fear not slander, censure rash;

Act I.

Arv.

Bot

Consign

Guid

Arv

Guid

Arv

Bot

And re

Re-e

Guid

Bel.

The he

350

Are stre

You we

These h

Come o

The gro

Their pi

Imo.

I thank

360

Ods pit

have g

Ar

4

Arv. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :*

Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.*

Guid. *No exorciser harm thee !*

Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee !*

Guid. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee !*

Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee !*

Both. *Quiet consummation have ;* 370
And renowned be thy grave !

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN.

Guid. *We have done our obsequies. Come lay
him down.*

Bel. *Here's a few flowers ; but about midnight,
more :*

*The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the
night,*

Arestrewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces:—

You were as flowers, now wither'd : even so

These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—

Come on, away ; apart upon our knees.

The ground, that gave them first, has them again :

Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. [Exeunt.

IMOGEN, awaking.

Imo. *Yes, sir, to Milford-haven ; Which is the
way ?—* 381

*I thank you.—By yon bush ?—Pray, how far
thither ?*

Ods pittikins !—can it be six miles yet ?—

*I have gone all night :—Faith, I'll lie down and
sleep.*

But,

But, soft! no bedfellow:—O gods and goddesses!

[*Seeing the body.*]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing, 390
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes,
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good
faith,

I tremble still with fear: But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand:
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh; 400
The brawns of Hercules: but his jovial face—
Murder in heaven?—How!—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus!—alas, 410
Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me! where's
that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?

'Tis

'Tis he, and Cloten : malice and lucre in them
Have lay'd this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant !

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to the senses ? That confirms it home :
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's : O !—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood, 420
That we the horrid may seem to those
Which chance to find us : O, my lord ! my lord !

Enter LUCIUS, Captains, &c. and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea : attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships :
They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome ?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy ; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service ; and they come 430
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them ?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers

Be muster'd ; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose ?

Sooth. Last night the very gods shew'd me a vision

(I fast,

(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence) : Thus :—
 I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd 441
 From the spongy south to this part of the west,
 There vanish'd in the sun-beams : which portends
 (Unless my sins abuse my divination),
 Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
 And never false.—Soft, ho ! what trunk is here,
 Without his top ? The ruin speaks, that sometime
 It was a worthy building.—How ! a page !—
 Or dead, or sleeping on him ? But dead, rather :
 For nature doth abhor to make his bed 451
 With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
 Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young
 one,

Inform us of thy fortunes ? for, it seems,
 They crave to be demanded : Who is this,
 Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow ? Or who was he,
 That, otherwise than noble nature did,
 Hath alter'd that good picture ? What's thy in-
 terest

In this sad wreck ? how came it, who is it ? 461
 What art thou ?

Imo. I am nothing : or if not,
 Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
 A very valiant Briton, and a good,
 That here by mountaineers lies slain :—Alas !
 There are no more such masters : I may wander
 From east to occident, cry out for service,
 Try many, all good, serve truly, never
 Find such another master. 470

Luc.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!

Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*Aside*.
They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say, 481
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But, first, an't please the
gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pick-axes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd
his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers, 490
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;

And rather father thee than master thee.—
My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daizy'd plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A grave: Come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd, 501

As soldiers can. Be cheerful ; wipe thine eyes :
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

CYMBELINE'S palace. *Enter CYMBELINE, Lords,
and PISANIO.*

Cym. Again : and bring me word, how 'tis with
her.

A fever with the absence of her son ;
A madness, of which her life's in danger :—Hea-
vens,

How deeply you at once do touch me ! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone : my queen
Upon a desperate bed ; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me : her son gone, 510
So needful for this present : It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is your's.

I humbly set it at your will : But, for my mis-
tress,

I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your high-
ness,

Hold me your loyal servant.

Lord. Good my liege,

The day that she was missing he was here :
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten——
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome ;
We'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy
[To PISANIO.
Does yet depend.

Lord. So please your majesty, 530
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast ; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen !
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of ; come more, for more you're
ready :

The want is, but to put these powers in motion,
That long to move. 540

Cym. I thank you : Let's withdraw ;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us ; but
We grieve at chances here.——Away. [Exeunt.

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain : 'Tis strange :
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings : Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten ; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work : 550
Wherein I am false, I am honest : not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even

Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
 All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
 Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.
 [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

*Before the cave. Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
 and ARVIRAGUS.*

Guid. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
 From action and adventure?

Guid. Nay, what hope

560

Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
 Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
 For barbarous and unnatural revolts:
 During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,

We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
 To the king's party there's no going: newness
 Of Cloten's death (we being not known, nor mus-
 ter'd

Among the bands) may drive us to a render
 Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us that
 Which we have done, whose answer would be death
 Drawn on with torture.

572

Guid. This is, sir, a doubt,
 In such a time, nothing becoming you,
 Nor satisfying us.

Arv.

Arr. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are. 581

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army ; many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore
him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves ;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life ; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to the still hot summer's tanlings, and 590
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Guid. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army :
I and my brother are not known ; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arr. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither : What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die ? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison ?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had 601
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel ? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heavens, I'll go :

If

should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
 had liv'd to put on this : so had you saved
 the noble Imogen to repent ; and struck 10
 me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But,
 alack,

You snatch some hence for little faults ; that's love,
 to have them fall no more : you some permit
 second ills with ills, each elder worse ;
 and make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
 That Imogen is your own : Do your best wills,
 and make me blest to obey !—I am brought hither
 among the Italian gentry, and to fight
 against my lady's kingdom : 'Tis enough
 that, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress ; peace !
 give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
 bear patiently my purpose : I'll disrobe me 22
 of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
 as does a Briton peasant : so I'll fight
 against the part I come with ; so I'll die
 for thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
 every breath, a death : and thus, unknown,
 I'd nor hated, to the face of peril
 myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 more valour in me than my habits show. 30
 I'll put the strength o' the Leonati in me !
 I'll shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
 in fashion, less without, and more within. [*Exit.*]

Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this : so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent ; and struck 10
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But,
alack,

You snatch some hence for little faults ; that's love,
To have them fall no more : you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse ;
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own : Do your best wills,
And make me blest to obey !—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom : 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress ; peace !
I give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Bear patiently my purpose : I'll disrobe me 22
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant : so I'll fight
Against the part I come with ; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Every breath, a death : and thus, unknown,
Unhated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show. 30
And, put the strength o' the Leonati in me !
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
In the fashion, less without, and more within. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army at one door; and the British Army at another; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following it like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in skirmish IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness, and guilt, within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have bely'd a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengefully enfeebles me; Or could this carle,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.

[Exit

The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, Stand! We have the advantage
the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.

Guid. Arr. Stand, Stand, and fight!

End

4

Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons. They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thy self:

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war where hood-wink'd. 50

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another part of the field. Enter POSTHUMUS, and a British Lord.

Lord. Cams't thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did:

Though you it seems come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken, 60

And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More

More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was
damn'd

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with
turf; 70

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier—

An honest one, I warrant: who deserv'd

So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings (lads more like to run

The country base, than to commit such slaughter;

With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer

Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame),

Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,

Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men: 80

To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;

Or we are Romans, and will give you that

Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,

But to look back in frown: stand, stand—These three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many

(For three performers are the file, when all

The rest do nothing), with this word, *stand, stand,*

Accommodated by the place, more charming

With their own nobleness (which could have turn'd

A distaff to a lance), gilded pale looks, 90

Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd
coward

But by example (O, a sin in war,

Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look

The

The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
 A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
 A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith they fly
 Chickens, the way which, they stoop'd eagles;
 slaves,

The strides they victors made: And now our cow-
 ards

(Like fragments in hard voyages, became 100
 The life o' the need), having found the back-door
 open

Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
 Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their
 friends

O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten, chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter man of twenty:
 Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
 The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance;
 A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear, 111
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
 And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:

*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?
 Who dares not stand his toe, I'll be his friend;
 For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
 I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too. 120
 You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you are angry.

[Exit.

Post.

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery!

To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charn'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly
monster,

'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we 131
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find
him:

For being now a favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in; Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is,
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take: For me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath; 140
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit
That gave the affront with them.

1 Cap. So 'tis reported;
But none of them can be found.—Stand! who's
there?

Post.

Post. A Roman ;
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
 Had answer'd him. 151

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him ; A dog !
 A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
 What crows have peck'd them here : He brags his
 service
 As if he were of note : bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, AR-
 VIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman captives. The
 Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE,
 who delivers him over to a Gaoler : after which all
 go out.*

SCENE IV.

A prison. Enter POSTHUMUS, and two Gaolers.

1 *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you have
 locks upon you ;
 So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt Gaolers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage ! for thou art a
 way,
 I think, to liberty : Yet am I better 160
 Than one that's sick o' the gout ; since he had ra-
 ther

Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death ; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience ! thou art
fetter'd

More than my shanks, and wrists : You good gods,
give me

'The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever ! Is't enough, I am sorry ?
So children temporal fathers do appease ;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent ?

I cannot do it better than in gyves, 170
Desir'd, more than constrain'd : to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.

I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement : that's not my desire :
For Imogen's dear life, take mine ; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life ; you coin'd it :
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp ;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake ; 181
You rather mine being your's : And so, great pow-
ers,

If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen !
I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps.

*Solemn musick. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS
LEONATUS, father to POSTHUMUS, an old man,
attired like a warrior ; leading in his hand an anci-
ent matron, his wife, and mother to POSTHUMUS,*
with

with musick before them. Then, after other musick, follow the two young LEONATI, brothers to POSTHUMUS, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, shew
Thy spite on mortal flies :
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.— 120
Hath my poor boy done ought but well,
Whose face I never saw ;
I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
Attending Nature's law.

Whose father then (as men report,
Thou orphan's father art)
Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes ; 200
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity !

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel ; 210
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity ?

Moth.

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati's seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy, 220
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needle-s jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villany?

2 Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain. 230

1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries. 240

Moth. Since Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity. 2 *Bro.*

2 Bro. Help, Jupiter ; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle : he throws a thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jupit. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing ; hush !—How dare you,
ghosts, 250

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts ?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence ; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers :
Be not with mortal accidents oppress ;
No care of your's it is ; you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross ; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content :
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift ;
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in 261
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade !—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast ; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine ;
And so, away : no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace chrystalline. [*Ascends.*
Sici. He came in thunder ; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell ; the holy eagle
Hoop'd, as to foot us : his ascension is 272
More sweet than our blest fields : his royal bird
Prunes

Prunes the immortal wing, and cloy's his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof.—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest. [*Vanish*]

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grand-
sire, and begot

280

A father to me: and thou hast created
A mother, and two brothers: But (O scorn!)
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born,
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, read
one!

290

Be not, as is our fangled world a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reads.*]

“When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
“known, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by
“a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar
“dar shall be lopt branches which, being dead many
“ny years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old
“stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus

“end

"end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty."

301

'Tis still a dream ; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not : either both or nothing :
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death ?

Post. Over-roasted rather : ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir ; if you be ready
for that, you are well cook'd.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators,
the dish pays the shot.

313

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir : But the
comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments,
nor no more tavern bills ; which are often the sadness
of parting, as the procuring of mirth : you
come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with
too much drink : sorry that you have paid too much,
and sorry that you are paid too much ; purse and
brain both empty : the brain the heavier, for being
too light ; the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness :
O ! of this contradiction you shall now be
quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord ! it sums up
thousands in a trice : you have no true debtor and
creditor but it ; of what's past, is, and to come, the
discharge :—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and coun-
ter ; so the acquittance follows.

328

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to-bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictur'd: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news; I am call'd to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt then be freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Excunt Post. and Messenger.*]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prompt. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desirous to live, for all he be a Roman: and there

some of them too, that die against their wills : so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good ; O ! there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses ! I speak against my present profit : but my wish hath a preferment in't.

[Exit.

SCENE V.

CYMBELINE'S Tent. Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stept before targe of proof, cannot be found :

He shall be happy that can find him if, 370

Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw

Such noble fury in so poor a thing ;

Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought

But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him ?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,

But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am

L

The

The heir of his reward ; which I will add 380
 To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
 [To BELARIUS, GUIERIUS, and ARV RAGUS,
 By whom, I grant, she lives : 'Tis now the time
 To ask of whence you are :—report it.

Bel. Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen :
 Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
 Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees :

Arise my knights o' the battle ; I create you 390
 Companions to our person, and will fit you
 With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS, and Ladies.

There's business in these faces :—Why so sadly
 Greet you our victory ? you look like Romans,
 And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king !

To sour your happiness ; I must report
 The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
 Would this report become ? But I consider,
 By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death 400
 Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she ?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life ;
 Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
 Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
 I will report, so please you : These her women
 Can trip me, if I err ; who, with wet cheeks,
 Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First she confess'd she never lov'd you ; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you : 410
Married your royalty, was wife to your place ;
Abhor'd your person.

Cyn. She alone knew this ;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to
love

With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight ; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison. 420

Cym. O most delicate fiend !
Who is't can read a woman ?—Is there more ?

Cor. More sir, and worse. She did confess, she
had

For you a mortal mineral ! which being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waste you : In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
Overcome you with her shew : yes, and in time
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown. 430

But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate ; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes ; repented
The ills she hatch'd were not effected ; so,
Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women ?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;

Mine

Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart
That thought her like her seeming : it had been
vicious,

To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and other Roman Prisoners ; POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute : that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made
suit,

That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
ter

Of you their captives, which ourself have granted :
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war ; the day
Was your's by accident ; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cold, have
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come : sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :
Augustus lives to think on't : And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will intreat ; My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd : never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like : let his virtue join

With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness

Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman : save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him ;
His favour is familiar to me :—Boy, 470
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace, and art
Mine own. I know not why, wherefore, I say,
Live, boy : ne'er thank thy master ; live :
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it ;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad ;
And yet, I know, thou wilt. 480

Imo. No, no ; alack,
There's other work in hand ! I see a thing
Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me : Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd ?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy ? 489
I love thee more and more ; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on ?
speak,

Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

Imo. He is a Roman ; no more kin to me,
That I to your highness ; who, being born your
vassal,

Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name? 500

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN walk aside.]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arr. One sand another

Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad,
Who dy'd, and was Fidele—What think you?

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not;
forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure 510
He would have spoke to us.

Guid. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress: [Aside.]

Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad. [CYM. and IMO. come forward.]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, step you forth;

[To IACHIMO.]

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it, 520
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood——On, speak to
him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render

Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him? [*Aside.*

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,

How came it your's?

Iach. Thoul't torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me? 530

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
which

Torments me to conceal. By villany

I got this ring, 'twas Leonatus' jewel,

Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may
grieve thee,

As it doth me) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd

'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my
lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter ———

For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spi-
rits

Quail to remember—Give me leave; I faint. 540

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy
strength:

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast (O, 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthu-
mus

(What should I say? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all 550

Amongst

Amongst the rar'st of good ones) sitting sadly,
 Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
 For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
 Of him that best could speak : for feature, laming
 The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
 Postures beyond brief nature ; for condition,
 A shop of all the qualities that man
 Loves women for ; besides, that hook of wiving,
 Fairness, which strikes the eye :——

Cym. I stand on fire :

560

Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,

Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Post-
 humus

(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
 That had a royal lover), took his hint ;
 And, not dispraising whom we prais'd (therein
 He was as calm as virtue), he began
 His mistress' picture ; which by his tongue being
 made,

And then a mind put in't, either our brags
 Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
 Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

571

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
 He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
 And she alone were cold : Whereat, I, wretch !
 Made scruple of his praise ; and wager'd with him
 Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
 In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
 By her's and mine adultery : he, true knight, 580
 No lesser of her honour confident

Than

Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring ;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phæbus' wheel ; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain .
Post I in this design : Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain 590

Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely ; for my vantage, excellent ;
And to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with similar proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus ; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O, cunning, how I got it !) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not 600
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon——

Methinks, I see him now——

Post. Ay, so thou do'st, [Coming forward.

Italian fiend !—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come !—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer ! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious : it is I 610

That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter :—villain-like, I lie :
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,

A sacrilegious thief, to do't :—the temple
Of virtue was she ; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me ; every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus ; and
Be villainy less than 'twas !—O Imogen ! 620
My queen, my life, my wife ! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen !

Imo. Peace, my lord ; hear, hear——

Post. Shall's have a play of this ? Thou scornful
page,

There lie thy part.

[*Striking her, she falls.*]

Pis. O, gentlemen, help

Mine, and your mistress—O, my lord Posthumus !
You ne'er kill'd Imogen 'till now —Help, help !—
Mine honour'd lady !

Cym. Does the world go round ? 630

Post. How come these staggers on me ?

Pis. Wake, my mistress !

Cym. If this be so the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress ?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight ;
Thou gav'st me poison : dangerous fellow, hence !
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen !

Pis. Lady, the gods throw stones of sulphur on
me, if 640

That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing ; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still ?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods !——

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest : If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat. 650

Cym. What's this, Cornelius ?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her ; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem : I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would 'cease
The present power of life ; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again 660
Do their due functions — Have you ta'en of it ?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,

There was our error——

Guid. This is sure fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
you ?

Think, that you are upon a rock ! and now
Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die ! 670

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child ?
What, maks't thou me a dullard in this act ?
Wilt thou not speak to me ?

Imo. Your blessing, sir. [Kneeling.

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame you
not ;

You had a motive for't. [To GUID. and ARVI.
Cym.

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord. 680

Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord Cloten
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and
swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's 690
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Guid. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the scoundrel.

Act V
If it
And
To te
Cy
By th
Endu
Im
I thou
Cym
And t
Bel
This r
As we
More
Had e
They v
Cym
Wilt th
By tast
As good
Arr.
Cym.
Bel.
70 But I w
As I ha
For my
Though
Arr.
Guid.
Bel.
y leave
as call
4

If it could so roar to me : I cut off's head ;
 And am right glad, he is not standing here 710
 To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee :
 By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
 Endure our law : Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
 I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
 And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king :
 This man is better than the man he slew, 720
 As well descended as thyself ; and hath
 More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
 Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone ;

[To the guard.

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
 Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
 By tasting of our wrath ? How of descent
 As good as we ?

Arr. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't. 730

Bel. We will die all three :

But I will prove, that two of us are as good
 As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
 For my own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
 Though, haply, well for you.

Arr. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—
 I leave ;—thou had'st, great king, a subject, who
 Was call'd Belarius. 740

Cym.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons!

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy: Here's my knee:
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty

Excited

Excited me to treason : Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again ; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world :—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars. 781

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.

The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st : I lost my children ;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—

This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as your's, is true Guiderius :
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus, 790
Your younger princely son : he, sir, was lap'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen-mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he ;
Who bath upon him still that natural stamp :
It was wise nature's end in the donation, 800
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three ? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more :—Blest may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now !—O Imogen,

Thou

'Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;

I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter, 810
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers.
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arr. Ay, my good lord.

Guid. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridg-
ment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which 821
Distinction should be rich in—Where? how liv'd
you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place
Will serve our long interrogatories. See, 830
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen:

And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers; me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy: the counter-change
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices—

Thou

Thou art my brother : so we'll hold thee ever.

[To BELARIUS.

Imo. You are my father too ; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season. 840

Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
Save these in bonds : let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you !

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three 850

In poor beseeching : 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd :—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo ; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again :
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
[Kneels.

As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe : but, your ring first ;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith. 860

Post. Kneel not to me :
The power that I have on you, is to spare you :
The malice towards you, to forgive you : Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd ;
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arr. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother ;
Joy'd are we, that you are. 870

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of
Rome,

Call forth your soothsayer : As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own kindred : when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom : whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it : let him shew
His skill in the construction. 880

Luc. Philarmonus——

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Soothsayer reads.

“ When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself un-
“ known, without seeking find, and be embrac'd
“ by a piece of tender air ; and when from a state-
“ ly cedar shall be lopt branches, which, being
“ dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed
“ to the old stock, and freshly grow ; then shall
“ Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortun-
“ nate, and flourish in peace and plenty.”

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp ; 892
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[To CYMB.]
Which

Which we call *mollis aër* ; and *mollis aër*
We term it *mulier* : which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife ; [To Post.] who, even
now

Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clip'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming. 900

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee : and thy lopt branches point
Thy two sons forth : who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd
To the majestick cedar join'd ; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin :—And, Caius Lucius
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire ; promising 910
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;
On whom heaven's justice (both on her, and her's),
Hath laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd : For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft, 920
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd : which fore-shew'd, our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym.

Cym. Laud we the gods ;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars ! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward : Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave 930
Friendly together ; so through Lud's town march ;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there :—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

A SONG,

A SONG, sung by GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS
over FIDELE, supposed to be dead.

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

1.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids, and village hinds shall bring
Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rife all the breathing spring.

2.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove:
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

3.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen
No goblins lead their nightly crew.
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

4.

The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When

5.

*When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell :
Or midst the chace on ev'ry plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.*

6.

*Each lonely scene shall thee restore :
For thee the tear be duly shed :
Below'd, 'till life could charm no more ;
And mourn'd, 'till pity's self be dead.*

THE END.



W. Pople, Printer, 67, Chancery Lane.

SUPPLEMENT

TO

BELL'S BRITISH THEATRE.

CAWTHORN'S MINOR BRITISH THEATRE, being a Collection of the most esteemed and popular Modern Farces now performing on the English Stage.

Thirty Numbers, making 6 volumes of this Work, are published; corrected (by permission) from the Prompt Books, and accompanied with an elegantly engraved characteristic Representation of some principal Performer in the Piece, by SCHIAVONETTI, CARDON, COOPER, &c. from striking Likenesses drawn from the Life by DE WILDE.

The FINE EDITION, which is printed in an elegant and careful manner, on a fine wove hot-pressed demy paper, with picked impressions of the Plates, is sold at One Shilling each Number.

The COMMON EDITION, neatly printed on a good demy paper, with the character print, is sold at Sixpence each Number, forming a portable, cheap, and useful companion to the Theatres.

A few Copies of a SUPERB CABINET EDITION, are taken off with superior care, in a par-

ticularly handsome style, on a thick Bath post paper, delicately hot-pressed, with fine Proof Impressions of the Plates, price 2s. 6d. each. The Numbers already published are as follow :—

Nos.

1. High Life below Stairs.—Mr. R. Palmer, as *My Lord Duke*.
2. Three Weeks after Marriage.—Mr. Dowton, as *Druggot*.
3. Tom Thumb.—Miss Tyrer, as *Dollalolla*.
4. The Guardian.—Mr. Murray, as *Heartly*.
5. The Quaker.—Mr. Taylor, as *Lubin*.
6. The Apprentice.—Mr. Bannister, as *Dick*.
7. The Deserter.—Mr. Simmons, as *Simkin*.
8. Bon Ton.—Mr. Farley, as *Jessamy*.
9. Rosina.—Mrs. Martyr, as *Phoebe*.
10. The Citizen.—Miss Duncan, as *Maria*.
11. All the World's a Stage.—Mr. Liston, as *Diggory*.
12. Two Strings to your Bow.—Mr. Cherry, as *Lazarillo*.
13. The Padlock.—Mr. Hill, as *Leander*.
14. Fortune's Frolic.—Mr. Fawcett, as *Robin Roughhead*.
15. Lying Valet.—Mr. Collins, as *Sharp*.
16. Register Office.—Mr. Rock, as *The Irishman*.
17. Who's the Dupe?—Mr. Quick, as *Old Doiley*.
18. The Sultan.—Mrs. Glover, as *Roxalana*.
19. Mock Doctor.—Mr. Mathews, as *Gregory*.
20. Catherine and Petruchio.—Mrs. C. Kemble, as *Catherine*.
21. Richard Cœur de Lion.—Mrs. Mountain, as *Matilda*.
22. The Waterman.—Mr. Dignum, as *Tom Tug*.
23. Selima and Azor.—Mrs. Atkins, as *Selima*.
24. Love a la Mode.—Mr. Cooke, as *Sir Archy Mocksarcasm*.
25. Miss in her Teens.—Master Betty, as *Captain Flax*.
26. Intriguing Chambermaid.—Mrs. Mattocks, as *Lettice*.
27. The Critic.—Mr. Bannister, as *Don Whiskeranda*.
28. Shipwreck.—Mrs. Bland, as *Sally*.
29. Anatomist.—Mrs. Harlowe, as *Beatrice*.
30. Honest Thieves.—Mr. Simmons, as *Abel*.





Act 5.

CORIOLANUS.

Scene 3.



Hurney del.

Theorthwaite, sculp.

M^{rs} YATES in the Character of VOLUMENTIA
So we will home to Rome
and die among our Neighbours.

London Pub. Nov 11807, by I. Cawthorne, Catherine Street, Strand.



CORIO LANUS

Sic. Pass no further!

le jeune homme.

J. W. More Sculpt.

London, Pub. & Nov. 7 1807, by T. Ganthorn, Catherine St. Strand.



SAM

W
F
E
E
E
A
H
A

BOOK

CORIO LANUS,

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed complete from the Text of

SAM. JOHNSON AND GEO. STEEVENS,

AND REVISED FROM THE LAST EDITIONS.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN CAWTHORN,

5, Catherine-Street, Strand,

BOOKSELLER TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS
OF WALES.

1818.



Caius M
Titus L
Comini
Menen
Sicinius
Junius
Tullus
Lieuten
Young
Conspir

Volum
Virgil
Valeria

Roman
Comm

The Sc

W. Pople, Printer, 67, Chancery Lane.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, *a noble Roman.*
Titus Lartius, } *Generals against the Volscians.*
Cominius, }
Menenius Agrippa, *Friend to Coriolanus.*
Sicinius Velutus, } *Tribunes of the People.*
Junius Brutus, }
Tullus Aufidius, *General of the Volscians.*
Lieutenants to Aufidius.
Young Marcius, Son to Coriolanus.
Conspirators with Aufidius.

WOMEN.

Volumnia, *Mother to Coriolanus.*
Virgilia, *Wife to Coriolanus.*
Valeria, *Friend to Virgilia.*

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers,
Common People, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.*

*The Scene is partly in Rome, and partly in the territories of
the Volscians and Antiales.*



A Str
Citi

BER

All

1 C

famist

All.

1 C

enemy

All.

1 C

our ov

All.

away,

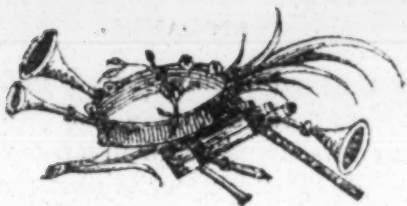
2 C

1 C

patric

would

supert



CORIOLANUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome. Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.

1 Citizen.

BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 Cit. You are resolv'd rather to die, than to
furnish?

All. Resolv'd, Resolv'd.

1 Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief
enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at
our own price. Is't a verdict? 10

All. No more talking on't; let it be done:
away, away.

2 Cit. One word, good citizens.

1 Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the
patricians, good: what authority surfeits on,
would relieve us: If they would yield us but the
superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might

guess, they relieved us humanely ; but they think, we are too dear : the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance ; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes : for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge. 24

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius ?

All. Against him first ; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country ! 30

1 *Cit.* Very well ; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end : though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was not for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud ; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue. 39

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him : You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations ; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within*] What shouts are these ? The other side o' the city is risen : Why stay we prating here ? to the Capitol.

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft ; who comes here ?



49
Enter

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough: Would all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand?

Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours, 61

Will you undo yourselves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever 70

Appear in your impediment: For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you; and you slander The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers, 71

When you curse them as enemies.

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses cramm'd with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any whole, some act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us. 85

Men. Either you must Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture To scale't a little more. 91

2 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir; yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale; but an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulph it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and inactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instru-
ments 100

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

2 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,

As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd 109
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envy'd his receipt ; even so most filly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

2 *Cit.* Your belly's answer : What !
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they—— 120

Men. What then ?—
Fore me, this fellow speaks !—what then ! what
then ?

2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be re-
strain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body—

Men. Well, what then ?

2 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer ?

Men. I will tell you ;
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience, a-while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

2 *Cit.* You are long about it. 130

Men. Note me this, good friend ;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd :
" True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he,
" That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon : and fit it is ;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body : but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,

Even

Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;
 And, through the cranks and offices of man, 141
 The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
 From me receive that natural competency
 Whereby they live: and though that all at once,
 You, my good friends" (this says the belly,) mark
 me—

2 Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. "Though all at once cannot
 See what I do deliver out to each;
 Yet I can make my audit up, that all, 150
 From me do back receive the flour of all,
 And leave me but the bran." What say you to't?

2 Cit. It was an answer: How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly
 And you the mutinous members: For examine
 Their counsels, and their cares; digest things
 rightly,

Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find
 No public benefit, which you receive,
 But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
 And no way from yourselves,—What do you think
 You, the great toe of this assembly?— 160

2 Cit. I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, bases
 poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost
 Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
 Lead'st first, to win some vantage.—

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
 Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
 The one side must have bale.—Hail, noble Marcius

Enter

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentionous rogues,

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion, 170

Make yourselves scabs?

2 Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter

beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,

That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,

Where he should find you lions, finds you hares,

Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,

Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,

Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is, 180

To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,

And curse that justice did it. Who deserves

greatness,

Deserves your hate: and your affections are

A sick man's appetite, who desires most that

Which would increase his evil. He that depends

On your favours, swims with fins of lead,

And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!

Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind;

And call him noble, that was now your hate,

And him vile, that was your garland. What's the

matter,

190

That in these several places of the city

You cry against the noble senate, who,

Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else

Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

Men.

Men. For corn at their own rates, whereof
they say,
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and
give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such, as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's
grain enough:

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pike my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly per-
suaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But I beseech you
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd: Hang 'em!
They said they were an hungry; sigh'd forth pro-
verbs;
That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must
eat;—
That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods
sent not

Corn for the rich men only:—With the—
They vented their complainings; which being an-
swer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one
(To break the heart of generosity,

And make bold power look pale), they threw their
caps 220

As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting, their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wis-
doms,

Of their own choice : One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not ——'s death !

The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me : it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing. 230

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments !

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius ?

Mar. Here : What's the matter ?

Mes. The news is, sir, the Volscies are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't ; then we shall have means
to vent

Our musty superfluity :—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, with other Sena-
tors ; JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

1 Sen. Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately
told us :

The Volscies are in arms. 240

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.

I sin

I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears,
and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: He is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;

And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;

I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!

1 Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I
know,

Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on:—

Follow, Cominius; we must follow you.
Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Lartius!

1 Sen. Hence! To your homes, be gone!

[To the Citizens]

Mar. Nay, let them follow:

The Volscies have much corn; take these rats th
ther,

To gnaw their garners: Worshipful mutineers, 270

You

Your valour puts well forth : pray, follow.—

[*Exeunt.*]

*Citizens steal away. Manent SICINIUS, and
BRUTUS.*

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius ?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes ?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him ! he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant. 280

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon : But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims—
In whom already he is well grac'd—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first : for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform 290
To the utmost of a man ; and giddy censure
Will then cry out on Marcius, O, if he
Had borne the business !

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru.

Bru. Come :

Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not ; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed, 300
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made : and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

*The Senate-House in Corioli. Enter TULLUS
AUFIDIUS, with Senators.*

1 *Sen.* So your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours ?

310

What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention ? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence : these are the words : I think
I have the letter here ; yes, here it is :

" They have press'd a power, but it is not known

[*Reading*]

Whether for east, or west : The dearth is great ;
The people mutinous : and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you), 320

Ans.

1 Sen. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

Aug. O, doubt not that ;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you !

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 Sen. Farewell.

2 Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

CAIUS MARCIUS' House in Rome. Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA: They sit down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-body'd, and the only son of my womb; when, youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir—was pleas'd to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak; I tell thee, daughter—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man. 370

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius—I had rather had eleven die nobly

nobly for their country, than one voluptuously sur-
feit out of action.

379

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to
visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire my-
self.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hither hear your husband's drum ;
See him pluck down Aufidius by the hair ;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus—
"Come on, you cowards ; you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome :—" his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes ;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow 390
O'er all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow ! O, Jupiter, no blood !

Vol. Away, you fool ! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy : The breast of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords contending—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit *Gent.*

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius !

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck. 401

Enter VALERIA, with an Usher and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol.

Vol. Sweet madam——

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot in good faith. How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship: well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,

Than look upon his school-master. 410

Val. O' my word, the father's son; I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o'Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again; or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant how he mammock'd it!

Vol. One of his father's moods. 420

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle housewife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I will not over the threshold 'till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably;

Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you? 434

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope; yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me: Indeed, I will not forth. 443

Val. In truth la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam!

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth. 461

Val. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you all then—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia,

Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o'door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Before Corioli. Enter MARCIUS, TITUS, LARTIUS, with Drum and Colours, Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke at yet.

Lart. So the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll not sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summons the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Aless. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and theirs.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;

That we with smoking swords may march from
hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

*They sound a Parley. Enter Senators, with others,
on the Walls.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less
than he,

That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[Drums afar off.]
Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our
walls,

Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with
rushes: 490

They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;
[Alarum far off.]

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes
amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O they are at it:

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Lad-
ders, ho!

Enter the Volsces.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
490 With hearts more proof than shields. Advance,
brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on,
my fellows; 500

He

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

[Alarm; the Romans beat back to their Trenches.

Re-enter MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shame of Rome, you! Herds of boils and
plagues

Plaster you o'er : that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile ! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat ? Pluto and hell !
All hurt behind ; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear ! Mend, and charge
home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you : look to't : Come on :
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives.
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarm, and MARCIUS follows them to the Gates.

So, now the gates are open:—Now prove good
conds.:

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers : Mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the Gallery]

1 Sol. Fool hardness; not I.

2 Sol. Nor I.

2 Sol. See, they have shut him in.

[*Alarum continui*

[*Alarum continues.*]

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden
Clapt to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who, sensible, out-dares his senseless sword, 530
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left,
Marcius!

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS *bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.*

1 Sol. Look, sir.

Lart. O, 'tis Marcius; 540

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the City.*]

SCENE V.

Within the Town. Enter certain Romans, with Spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.
[*Alarum continues still afar off.*]

Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours

At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up: Down with
them.——

And bark, what noise the general makes!—To
him.——

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:

My work hath yet not warm'd me : Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical 561
Than dangerous to me : To Aufidius thus
I will appear and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee ; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords ! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page !

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she places highest ! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius !— 570
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place ;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind : Away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

*The Roman Camp. Enter COMINIUS retreating,
with Soldiers.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends ; well fought : we
are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stand,
Nor cowardly in retire : believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends : Ye Roman gods !
Lead their successes as we wish our own : 580
That both our powers, with smiling fronts en-
countering,

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

Mes. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Larcus and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to the trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't
since?

Mes. About an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their
drums: 590

How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mes. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about? else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flead? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before time seen him thus. 600

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a
tabor,

More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others.
But

But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done, 610
And tapers burnt to bedward.

Com. Fower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file (a plague! Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not
think—

Where is the enemy? Are you lords o'the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so? 631

Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on what
side

They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,

Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you, 640
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never 650
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing:—If any such be here
(As it were sin to doubt), that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded, 660
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius. [*Waving his Hand.*

[*They all shout, and wave their Swords, take him
up in their Arms, and cast up their Caps.*

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shews be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? None of you, but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all:

The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd. 672

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

The Gates of Corioli. TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a Guard upon Corioli, going with a Drum and Trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those sentries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town. 680

Lieut. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

The Field of Battle. Alarum. Enter MARCIUS, and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do
hate thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike;

Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor

More than thy fame and envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after! 690

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Hallow me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd; 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me here.—

*[Here they fight, and certain Volsces come to
the Aid of AUFIDIUS. MARCIUS fights till
they be driven in breathless.]*

Officious, and not valiant!—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds. *[Excunt fighting.]*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

The Roman Camp. Flourish. Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Enter at one Door, COMINIUS, with the Romans; at another Door, MARCIUS, with his Arm in a Scarf, &c.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,

Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
At the end, admire; where ladies shall be frightened,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull
tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts—"We thank the
gods,

Our Rome hath such a soldier!"— 711

Yet can'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his Power, from the Pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison!
Hast thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me.
I have done as you have done; that's, what I can;
Induc'd, as you have been; that's for my country:
He,

He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech you
(In sign of what you are, not to reward 731
What you have done) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they
smart

To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store), of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth, 740
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe, to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long Flourish. They all cry, MARCIUS!
MARCIUS! cast up their Caps and Lances:
COMINIUS, and LARTIUS, stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you
profane,

Never

Never sound more ! When drums and trumpets
shall

If the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing ! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made 752

A coverture for the wars !—No more, I say ;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch—which, without note,
Here's many else have done—you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical ;

As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you ; 760

More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly : by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore be it
known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland : in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging ; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him, 770

With all the applause and clamour of the host,

Caius Marcius Coriolanus.—

Bear the addition nobly ever !

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.*]

Omnes. Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

Cor. I will go wash ;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no : Howbeit, I thank you :
mean to stride your steed ; and, at all times,

To

To undercrest your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent :

780

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it : 'tis yours.—What is't !

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house ; he us'd me kindly :
He cry'd to me ; I saw him prisoner ;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity : I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd !

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus. 80

Lar. Marcius, his name ?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot :—

I am weary ; yea, my memory is tir'd—
Have we no wine here ?

Com. Go we to our tent ;

The blood upon your visage dries ; 'tis time
It should be look'd to : come.

[Exeunt]

SCENE

3

SCENE X.

*The Camp of the Volsces. A Flourish. Cornets.
Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS bloody, with two or
three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en !

Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!— 810

I would I were a Roman ; for I cannot,

Being a Volscie, be that I am.—Condition !

What good condition can a treaty find

Of the part that is at mercy ? Five times, Marcius,

I have fought with thee ; so often hast thou beat
me ;

And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter

As often as we eat.—By the elements,

If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,

He is mine, or I am his : Mine emulation

Hath not that honour in't, it had ; for where 820

I thought to crush him in an equal force,

True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way ;

Or wrath, or craft may get him.

Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle : My valour's
poison'd,

With only suffering stain by him ; for him

Shall fly out of itself : nor sleep, nor sanctuary,

Being naked, sick ; nor fame, nor Capitol,

The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,

Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up— 830

Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst

My hate to Marcius : where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the
city ;

Learn how 'tis held ; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

Sol. Will not you go ?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress-grove :
I pray you
(Tis south the city mills), bring me word thither
How the world goes : that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

Sol. I shall, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome. Enter MENENIUS, with SICINIUS and
BRUTUS.

Menenius.

THE augurer tells me, we shall have news to night.

Bru. Good, or bad ?

Men. Not according to the prayers of the people,
for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love ?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him ; as the hungry ple-
beians would the noble Marcius.

Bru.
Men.
Bru.

Bru. He's a lamb, indeed, that baâs like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb.

You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting. 20

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censur'd here in the city, I mean of us o' the right hand file? Do you?

Bru. Why, how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talk of pride now.—Will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter: for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience; give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud? 33

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too instant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could! 41

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of
as

as unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates (alias fools), as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humourous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't: said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are (I cannot call you Lycurgusses), if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say, your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bissom conspectuities glean out of this character if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-woman and a fosset-seller; and then rejoin the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the

cholick

cholic
the blo
for a cl
ing, the
peace y
parties

Bru.
be a pe
benche

Men.
if they
you are
it is no
your be
to stuff
an ass's
Marciu
worth
though
were h
worship
my bra
beians

Enter

How no
were sh
your ey

Vol.
approac

Men.

cholick, you make faces like mummers : set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing : all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves : You are a pair of strange ones. 81

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary benchman in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards ; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a butcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud ; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion ; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships : more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians ; I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA.

How now, my fair as noble ladies (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler), whither do you follow your eyes so fast ? 101

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches ; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha ! Marcius coming home ?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee :
—Hoo ! Marcius coming home !

Both. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him ; the state hath another ; his wife another ; and, I think, there's one at home for you. 112

Men. I will make my very house reel to night !
—A letter for me ?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you ; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me ? It gives me an estate of seven years' health ; in which time I will make a lip at the physicians : the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricitic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded ? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much :—Brings a' victory in his pocket ?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius ; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplin'd Aufidius soundly ?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes—they fought together, but Aufidius got off. 130

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that : an he had staid by him, I would not have been so Fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess'd of this ?

Vol.

Vol. Good ladies, let's go :—Yes, yes, yes : the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war ; he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him. 140

Men. Wondrous ! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true !

Vol. True ! pow, wow.

Men. True ! I'll be sworn they are true : Where he wounded ?—God save your good worships !
[*To the Tribunes.*] Marcius is coming home : he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded ?

Vol. I'the shoulder, and i'the left arm : There will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He receiv'd in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i'the body. 152

Men. One i'the neck, and one too i'the thigh ;—There's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty-seven : every gash was an enemy's grave : Hark, the trumpets !

[*A Shout, and Flourish.*]

Val. These are the ushers of Marcius : before him 160

He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears ;
Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie ;
Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A Sennet.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS the general, and TITUS LARTIUS; between them CORIOLANUS, crown'd with an Oaken Garland, with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight

Within Corioli's gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows, Coriolanus:—

Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

[*Sound. Flourish*]

All. Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;

Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother—

Cor. O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity.

[*Kneels*]

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But O, thy wife—

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!

Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd
home,

That weeps to see my triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, part
don.

[*To VALERIA*]

Vol. I know not where to turn :—O welcome home !

And welcome, general :—And you are welcome all !

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes : I could weep,

And I could laugh ; I am light, and heavy. Wel-
come ; 190

A curse begin at very root of's heart,

That is not glad to see thee !—You are three,

That Rome should doat on : yet, by the faith of
men,

We have some old crab-trees here at home, that
will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet, welcome, warriors !

We call a nettle, but a nettle ; and

The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on. 200

Cor. Your hand, and yours :

[To his Wife, and Mother.

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,

The good patricians must be visited ;

From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,

But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have liv'd

To see inherited my very wishes,

And the buildings of my fancy :

Only there's one thing wanting, which I doubt not,

But our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,

I had rather be their servant in my way,

Than sway with them in theirs.

Com.

Com. On, to the Capitol. [*Flourish. Cornets.*
[Exeunt in State, as before.

BRUTUS and SICINIUS come forward.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared
 sights

Are spectacl'd to see him: Your prattling nurse
 Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
 While she chats him: the kitchin malkin pins
 Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
 Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks,
 windows, 220

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
 With variable complexions; all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
 To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
 Commit the war of white and damask, in
 Their nicely gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
 Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
 As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
 Were slily crept into his human powers, 220
 And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
 I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
 During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his ho-
 nours
 From where he should begin, and end; but will
 Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic.

Sic. Doubt not,

240

The commoners, for whom we stand, but they,
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the least cause, these his new honours; which
That he will give them, make as little question
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,

Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, shewing (as the manner is) his wounds 250
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,

Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good will's,
A sure destruction. 261

Bru. So it must fall out

To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to his power, he
would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Disproportioned their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows 271
For

For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall reach the people (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep), will be the fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter? 280

Mes. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis
thought,

That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: Matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol; 290
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Capitol. Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions.

1 Off. Come, come, they are almost here: How
many stand for consulships?

2 Off.

2 Off.
one, Co
1 Off.
proud,
2 Off.
that ha
and the
not who
why, th
fore, fo
love, or
he has
careless
1 Off.
love, or
neither
with gr
and leav
him the
malice a
that wh
love.
2 Off.
And his
those, w
people;
heave th
but he h
and his
tongues
a kind c
were a
3

2 *Off.* Three, they say : but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow ; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people. 299

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lov'd them ; and there be many that they have lov'd, they know not wherefore : so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground : Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition ; and, out of his noble carelessness, let's them plainly see't. 308

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he wou'd indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm ; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him ; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love. 316

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country : And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who have been supple and courteous to the people ; bonnetted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report ; but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury ; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would
3 E pluck

pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him ; he is a worthy man :
Make way—they are coming. 329

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them ; CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS the Consul ; SICINIUS and BRUTUS, as Tribunes, take their Places by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volscies, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country : Therefore, please
you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus ; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself. 341

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius :
Leave nothing out for length ; and make us think
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out.—Masters o' the people
We do request your kindest ear ; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented

Upon When t

Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts 350
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been silent: Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly: 360
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you gave it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bed-fellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.
[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

1 Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them. 370

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words disbench'd you not?

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your
people,

I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i'
the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit

To

To hear my nothings monster'd.

[Exit Cor.

Men. Masters o' the people,

381

Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter

(That's thousand to one good one), when you now
see,

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Co-
minius.

Com. I shall lack voice : the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver : if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world 390
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others : our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him : he bestrid
An o'er-prest Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers ; Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee : in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene, 400
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea ;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o' the garland. For this last
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home : He stopt the fliers ;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport : as waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd

41

An

And fell below his stem : his sword (death's stamp)

Where it did mark, it took ; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries : alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny ; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet : Now all's his :
When by and bye the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense : then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate, 421
And to the battle came he ; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil : and, 'till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man !

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours

Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at : 430

And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world : he covets less
Than misery itself would give ; rewards
His deeds with doing them ; and is content
To spend his time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble ;
Let him be call'd for.

1 *Sen.* Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul. 441

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and service.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please
you,

That I may pass this doing. 450

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people. 460

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them—Thus I did, and
thus!—

Shew them the unaching scars, which I should
hide,

As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only.—

Men. Do not stand upon't.—

We recommend unto you, tribunes of the people,
Our

Our purpose to them ;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour. 469

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish Cornets. Then Exeunt.*]

Manent SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will
require them,

As if he did condemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Forum. Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we
ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will. 480

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but
it is a power that we have no power to do; for if
he shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we
are to put our tongues into those wounds, and
speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds,
we must also tell him our noble acceptance of
them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the
multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster
of the multitude; of the which, we being mem-
bers,

bers, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members. 490

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us—the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some Auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely colour'd: and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge my wit would fly? 503

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a blockhead: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife. 512

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:— You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolv'd to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS, and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility

Mark

mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him. 526

All. Content, content.

Men. O sir, you are not right: Have you not known

The worthiest men have don't?

Cor. What must I say?— 530

I pray, sir—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:—look, sir;—my
wounds;—

I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of your own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!

You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!

I would they would forget me, like the virtues 540
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all;

I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. *[Exit.*

Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a
brace.

You know the cause, sirs, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert! 550

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir: 'Twas never my desire yet
To trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any
thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly!

Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, 560

Which shall be your's in private.—Your good
voice, sir;

What say you?

Both Cit. You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir:—There's in all two worthy
voices begg'd:—

I have your alms; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again—But 'tis no
matter. [Exeunt.

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the
tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have
here the customary gown. 570

1 *Cit.* You have deserv'd nobly of your country,
and you have not deserv'd nobly.

Cor.

Cor. Your ænigma?

1 Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, lov'd the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a clearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul. 587

2 Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voice, and so trouble you no further.

Both. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob, and Dick, that do appear, 600
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd

For

For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
 Let the high office and the honour go
 To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
 The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come more voices.—

Your voices; for your voices I have fought; 610
 Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
 Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
 I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have
 Done many things, some less, some more: your
 voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go with
 out any honest man's voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods
 give him joy, and make him good friend to the
 people! 620

All. Amen, amen!—God save thee, noble con-
 sul! [*Exeunt*]

Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the
 tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
 That in the official marks invested, you
 Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharged
 The people do admit you; and are summon'd

Act II
 To meet
 Cor.
 Sic.
 Cor.
 Sic.
 Cor.

Repair
 Men.
 Bru.
 Sic.
 He has
 'Twas v
 Bru.
 His hun

Sic. 1

1 *Cit.*
 Bru.

2 *Cit.*

He mee

3 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.*

He us'd

His mar

Sic. V

3

To meet anon, upon your approbation.

630

Cor. Where? at the senate house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself
again,

Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [*Exeunt COR. and MEN.*]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks, 640

'Twas warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore

His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How, now, my masters? have you chose
this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your
loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly, he flouted us downright.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech—he did not
mock us. 650

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but
says,

He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no man saw 'em.

3 Cit. He said, he had wounds, which he could shew in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

"I would be consul," says he: "aged custom,

"But by your voices, will not so permit me; 65

"Your voices therefore:" When we granted that

Here was—"I thank you for your voices—than

"you—

"Your most sweet voices: now you have left you

"voices,

"I have nothing further with you:" Was not this

mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't;

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness

To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,

As you were lesson'd—When he had no power,

But was a petty servant to the state,

He was your enemy: ever spake against 67

Your liberties, and the charters that you bear

I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving

A place of potency, and sway o' the state,

If he should still malignantly remain

Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might

Be curses to yourselves: You should have said,

That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less

Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature

Would think upon you for your voices, and 68

Translate his malice towards you into love,

Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,

As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,

And

And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
 Either his gracious promise, which you might,
 As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
 Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
 Which easily endures not article,
 Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
 You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
 And pass'd him unelected. 691

Bru. Did you perceive,
 He did solicit you in free contempt,
 When he did need your loves; and do you think,
 This his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
 When he hath power to crush? Why, had your
 bodies

No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
 Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
 Ere now deny'd the asker? and, now again, 700
 On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
 Your su'd for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to
 piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those
 friends—

They have chose a consul, that will from them
 take

their liberties; make them of no more voice
 Than dogs, that are so often beat for barking, 710
 As therefore kept for doing so.

Sic. Let them assemble;

And,

And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
 Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,
 And his old hate unto you; besides, forget not
 With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
 How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
 Thinking upon his services, took from you
 The apprehension of his present portance,
 Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion.
 After the inveterate hate he bears you. 721

Bru. Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd
 (No impediment between), but that you must
 Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him

More after our commandment, than as guided
 By your own true affections: and that, your minds
 Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do,
 Than what you should, made you against the grain
 To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us. 731

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures
 to you,

How youngly he began to serve his country,
 How long continued: and what stock he springs of
 The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence
 came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
 Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:
 Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
 That our best water brought by conduits hither;
 And Censorinus, darling of the people, 740
 And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,
 Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,

That

That
 To be
 To you
 Scaling
 That h
 Your s
Bru.
 (Harp
 And pr
 Repair
All.
 Repent
Bru.
 This m
 Than s
 If, as h
 With th
 The var
Sic.
 We will
 And thi
 Which

4 Street
 NIUS,
 Senat

TULLUS

That hath beside well in his person wrought
 To be set high in place, we did commend
 To your remembrances : but you have found,
 Scaling his present bearing with his past,
 That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
 Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had don't, 750
 (Harp on that still) but by our putting on :
 And presently, when you have drawn your number,
 Repair to the Capitol.

All. We will so : almost all
 Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. Let them go on ;
 This mutiny were better put in hazard,
 Than stay, past doubt, for greater :
 If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
 With their refusal, both observe and answer 760
 The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol, come ;
 We will be there before the stream o' the people ;
 And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
 Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Street. Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENE-
 NIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other
 Senators.*

Coriolanus.

MEN. Aufidius then had made new head ?

F 3

Lart.

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which
caus'd

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volsces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make
road

Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

10

Lart. On safeguard he came to me; and did
curse

Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to
sword:

That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

20

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[To LARTIUS.]

Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,

The

The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise
them ;

For they do prank them in authority,

Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

30

Cor. Ha ! what is that ?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on ; no further.

Cor. What makes this change !

Men. The Matter ?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the
commons ?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices ?

Sen. Tribunes, give way ; he shall to the market-
place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

40

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd ?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues ?—What are
your offices ?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their
teeth ?

Have you not set them on ?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility :—

Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

50

Bru. Call't not a plot :

The people cry, you mock'd them ; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd ;

Scandal'd

Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform them!

60

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By your
clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow Tribune.

Sic. You shew too much of that,
For which the people stir: If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your
way,

70

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd:—Set on,—This
palt'ring

Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely,
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—

Men. Not now, not now.

80

Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them

Regard

Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves : I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and
scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number ;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that 91
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How ! no more ?

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words 'till their decay, against those meazles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them. 100

Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know't,

Men. What, what ? his choler ?

Cor. Choler !

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind 110
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain !—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows ? mark you
His absolute *shall* ?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.

Cor.

Cor. Shall!

O gods!—But most unwise patricians, why,
 You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
 Given Hydra here to choose an officer, 121
 That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
 The horn and noise o' the monsters, wants not spirit
 To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
 And make your channel his? If he have power,
 Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake
 Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
 Be not as common fools; if you are not,
 Let them have cushions by you. You are ple-
 beians,

If they be senators: and they are no less, 130
 When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
 Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrates:
 And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
 His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
 Than ever frown'd in Greece? By Jove himself,
 It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes,
 To know, when two authorities are up,
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
 The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place. 140

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
 The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
 Sometimes in Greece——

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more abso-
 lute power)

I say they nourish'd disobedience, fed
 The ruin of the state.

Bru.

Bru. Why shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons, 151
More worthier than their voices. They know, the
corn

Was not our recompense ; resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't : Being press'd to the
war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of ser-
vice

Did not deserve corn gratis : Being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive 160
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy ? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words :—" We did request
it ;—

" We are the greater poll, and in true fear
" They gave us our demands :"—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears : which will in time break
ope

The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles—— 170

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more ;

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
I swear what I end withal !—This double worship—
Where

Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title,
wisdom,

Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while 180
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it fol-
lows,

Nothing is done to purpose : Therefore, beseech
you—

You that will be less fearful than discreet ;
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change of't ; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physick,
That's sure of death without it—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick 189
The sweet which is their poison : your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it ;
Not having power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth controul it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer

As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch ! despight o'erwhelm thee !
What should the people do with these bald
bunes ?

On whom depending their obedience fails 20
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,

Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho! — Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people: [*Exit BRUTUS.*] in
whose name, myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator, 210

A foe to the publick weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

All. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy
bones

Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help me, citizens.

*Re-enter BRUTUS, with a Rabble of Citizens, with
the Ædiles.*

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would 220
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles.

All. Down with him, down with him!

2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*

Tribunes, patricians, citizens! — what ho! —

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

All. Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be? — I am out of breath;

Confusion's near ; I cannot speak :—You, tribunes
To the people.—Coriolanus, patience:— 230
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people :—Peace.

All. Let's hear our tribune :—Peace. Speak
speak, speak !

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties :
Marcius would have all from you ; Marcius,
Who late you nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie !

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people ? 240

All. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

All. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat ;
To bring the roof to the foundation ;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin. 250

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it.—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part of the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him ;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

All. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but one word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace!

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,

And temperately proceed to what you would thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,

That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,

And bear him to the rock.

271

[CORIOLANUS draws his sword.]

Cor. No; I'll die here.

There's some among you have beheld me fighting; Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes, withdraw awhile.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, Marcius! help,

You that be noble; help him, young and old!

All. Down with him, down with him! [Exeunt.

[In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People are beat in.]

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away, All will be naught else.

280

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 Sen. The gods forbid!

26 prythee, noble friend, home to thy house;

Leave

Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: Be gone, beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us. 291

Cor. I would they were barbarians (as they are
Though in Rome litter'd); not Romans (as they
are not,

Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol).—Be
gone.

Men. Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two
tribunes. 300

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone;
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be
patch'd
With cloth of any colour. 310

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, and COMINIUS.*]

1 *Sen.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,

Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's
his mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, doth forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A Noise within.*
Here's goodly work!

2 *Sen.* I would they were a-bed. 320

Men. I would they were in Tiber!—What,
the vengeance,
Could he not speak 'em fair?

Enter BRUTUS, and SICINIUS, with the Rabble again.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That will depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of public power, 330
Which he so sets at nought.

1 *Cit.* He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

All. He shall sure on't.

Men. Sir, sir—

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry havock where you should but
hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you 340
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak :
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults :——

Sic. Consul !—what consul ?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul !

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good
people,

I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two ; 350
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then ;

For we are peremptory, to dispatch
This viperous traitor : to eject him hence,
Were but one danger ; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death ; therefore, it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude 360
Towards her deserv'd children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own ?

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease ;
Mortal, to cut it off ; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death ?
Killing our enemies ? The blood he hath lost
(Which I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce), he dropp'd it for his country :
And, what is left, to lose it by his country, 371
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry : when he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is it not then respected
For what before it was ?

Bru. We'll hear no more : — 380

Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence ;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftmess, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by pro-
cess ;

Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so — 390

Sic. What do ye talk ?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience ?
Our ædiles smote ! ourselves resisted ! — Come —

Men. Consider this ; — He hath been bred i'the
wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulted language ; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer by a lawful form
(In peace), to his utmost peril. 400

1 Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way : the other course
Will prove too bloody ; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer :—
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place :—We'll attend
you there :

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way. 411

Men. I'll bring him to you :—

Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*

He must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

1 Sen. Pray you, let's to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

CORIOLANUS'S *House.* Enter CORIOLANUS,
with *Patricians.*

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears ; pre-
sent me

Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still 420
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother

Does

Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy or sell with groats : to shew bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace, or war. [To VOL.] I talk of
you ;

Why did you wish me milder ? Would you have me
False to my nature ? Rather say, I play 431
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir !

I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you
are,

With striving less to be so : Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd pow'r to cross you. 441

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough,
something too rough ;
You must return, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy ;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsell'd :
I have a heart as little apt as yours, 450
But

But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman :
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physick
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do ?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then ? what then ?

460

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them ?—I cannot do it to the gods ;
Must I then do't to them ?

Vol. You are too absolute ;
Though therein you can never be too noble.
But when extremities speak, I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together : Grant that, and tell
me,

In peace, what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there ?

470

Cor. Tush, tush !

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy), how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war ; since that to both
It stands in like request ?

Cor. Why force you this ?

Vol. Because

480

That now it lies you on to speak to the people ;
Not by your own instruction, nor by the matter

Which

Which your heart prompts you to ; but with such
words

That are but rooted in your tongue, but bastards,
and syllables

Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.

Now, this no more dishonours you at all,

Than to take in a town with gentle words,

Which else would put you to your fortune, and

The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where 490

My fortunes, and my friends, at stake requir'd,

I should do so in honour : I am in this,

Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles ;

And you will rather shew our general lowts

How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,

For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard

Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—

Come, go with us ; speak fair : you may salve so,

Not what is dangerous present, but the loss 500

Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand ;

And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with
them),

Thy knee bussing the stones (for in such business

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant

More learned than their ears), waving thy head,

With often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,

Now humble as the ripest mulberry, 509

That will not hold the handling : Or, say to them,

Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,

Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,

Were

Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose. 520

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou hadst
rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and
sir, 'tis fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit. 530

Vol. He must, and will:—

Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarb'd sconce

Must I,

With my base tongue, give to my nobler heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it
And throw it against the wind.—To the market
place:—

You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life. 540

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee, now, son, as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:—

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice 550
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't;
Lest I surcease to honour my own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then: 560

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness: for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;

Mother, I am going to the market-place; 569
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,

Cog their hearts from them, and come home be-
lov'd

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going :
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul ;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [Exit VOLUMINIA.

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you : arm
yourself

To answer mildly ; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet. 580

Cor. The word is, mildly :—Pray you, let us go :
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then ; mildly— [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Forum. Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he
affects
Tyrannical power : If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people ;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—What, will he come? 590

Enter

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have. 600

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, "It shall be so,
't the right and strength o' the commons," be it
either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry "fine;" if death, cry "death;"
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to
cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd 610

Enforce the present execution

Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this
hint,

When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.— [Exit Ædile.

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth

Of

Of contradiction : Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance ; then he speaks 620
What's in his heart ; and that is there, which
looks
With us to break his neck.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, and COMINIUS,
with others.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an hostler, that for the poorest
piece

Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd
gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supply'd with worthy men! plant love among us!
Thro' our large temples with the shews of peace,
And not our streets with war! 630

1 Sen. Amen, amen !

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter the Ædile, with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Ad. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace,
I say,

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?

Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices, 610
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content :
The warlike service he has done, consider ; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like graves i' the holy church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with briars, scars to move
laughter only.

Men. Consider further, 650
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier : Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds ;
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being past for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again ? 660

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then : 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to
take

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical ;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How ! Traitor ?

Men. Nay ; temperately ; Your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people !
Call me their traitor !—Thou injurious tribune !

Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths, 671
 In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
 Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
 Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
 As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

All. To the rock with him! to the rock with
 him!

Sic. Peace.

We need not lay new matter to his charge :
 What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
 Beating your officers, cursing yourselves, 681
 Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
 Those whose great power must try him ; even this,
 So criminal, and in such capital kind,
 Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
 Serv'd well for Rome——

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

690

Men. Is this the promise that you made your
 mother?

Com. Know, I pray you—

Cor. I'll know no further:

Let thom pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
 Vagabond exile, fleeing ; Pent to linger
 But with a grain a day, I would not buy
 Their mercy at the price of one fair word ;
 Nor check my courage for what they can give,
 To have it with saying, Good morrow !

Sic. For that he has 700
 (As much as in him lies) from time to time

Envy'd

Envy'd against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power ; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it : In the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city ;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more 710
To enter our Rome gates : I' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so ; let him
away :
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and, my common
friends—

Sic. He's sentenc'd : no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak :

I have been consul and can shew from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life, 721
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins : then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift : Speak what ?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he's ba-
nish'd,

As enemy to the people, and his country :
It shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so. 729

Cor. You common cry of curs ! whose breath
I hate

As

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men
 That do corrupt my air, I banish you ;
 And here remain with your uncertainty !
 Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts !
 Your enemies with nodding of their plumes,
 Fan you into despair ! Have the power still
 To banish your defenders : 'till, at length,
 Your ignorance (which finds not, 'till it feels ;
 Making not reservation of yourselves, 740
 Still your own foes) deliver you, as most
 Abated captives, to some nation
 That won you without blows ! Despising,
 For you, the city, thus I turn my back ;
 There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and others.

The people shout, and throw up their Caps.

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone !

All. Our enemy is banish'd ! he is gone ! Hoo !
 hoo !

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
 As he hath follow'd you, with all despight ;
 Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard 750
 Attend us through the city.

All. Come, come, let us see him out at gates ;
 come :

'The gods preserve our noble tribunes !—Come.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Gates of Rome. Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, with the Young Nobility of Rome.

Coriolanus.

COME, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—the
beast

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? You were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows, 't
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,
craves

A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible 10
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman——

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in
Rome,

And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd 20
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,

Droop

Droop not ;—adieu : Farewell, my wife ! my mother !

I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles ; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,

My hazards still have been your solace : and 30
Believe't not lightly (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen) your son

Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,

Whither wilt thou go ? Take good Cominius
With thee a while : Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee. 40

Cor. O the gods !

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee : so, if the time thrust forth,
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man ;
And loose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well :—

Thou hast years upon thee ; and thou art too full

Of

Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruise'd: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.— 60
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:—Come. [Exit.

SCENE II.

A Street. Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS, with an
ÆDILE.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll
no further.—

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shewn our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a-doing. 70

Sic. Bid them home.
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit. ÆDILE.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us :

Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met : The hoarded plague
o' the gods

Requite your love !

Men. Peace, peace ! be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should
hear ;—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone ?

[*To BRUTUS.*]

Vir. [*To SICIN.*] You shall stay too : I would,
I had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind ?

Vol. Ay, fool : Is that a shame ?—Note but
this fool.—

Was not a man my father ? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words ?

Sic. O blessed heavens !

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wis-
words ;

And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what ;—Ye
go ;—

Nay, but thou shalt stay too :—I would my son

Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then? 100

Vir. What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all —

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the
rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth, 110
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear
this:

As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome; so far, my son
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see),
Whom you have banish'd, does excel you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you. 120

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you:
I would the gods had nothing else to do,
[*Exeunt Tribunes.*

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart

Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup
with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself, 130
And so shall starve with feeding. — Come, let's go;
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

*Between Rome and Antium. Enter a Roman and a
Volsee.*

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me:
your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as
you are, against 'em; Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No. 140

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when last I saw you;
but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue.
What's the news in Rome? I have a note from
the Volscian state, to find you out there: You
have well sav'd me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange in-
surrection: the people against the senators, pa-
tricians, and nobles. 149

Vol. Hath been? Is it ended then: Our state
thinks not so; they are in a most warlike pre-
paration,

paration, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banish'd! 160

Rom. Banish'd, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she is fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his country. 169

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning. 179

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and
am

am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Antium. Before AUFIDIUS's House. *Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguis'd and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars 189
Have I heard groan, and drop; then know me
not;

Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with
stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you.

Cit. This, here, before you. 199

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell. [*Exit Citizen.*]

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast
sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their
sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear
friends,

And interjoin their issues. So with me:— 211

My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon

This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay me,

He does fair justice; if he give me way,

I'll do his country service.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.

A Hall in AUFIDIUS's House. Musick plays. Enter a Serving-Man.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is
here!

I think our fellows are asleep.

[Exit.]

Enter another Serving-Man.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cots? my master calls for
him. Cots!

[Exit.]

13.

Enter

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well:
but I
Appear not like a guest. 221

Re-enter the first Serving-Man.

1 Serv. What would you have, friend? Whence
are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the
door. [Exit.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter Second Servant.

2 Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter
his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such
companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away! 230

2 Serv. Away! get you away.

Cor. Now art thou troublesome.

2 Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd
with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 Serv. What fellow's this?

1 Serv. A strange one as ever I look'd on: I
cannot get him out o' the house: Pr'ythee call my
master to him.

3 Serv. What have you to do here, fellow?
Pray you avoid the house. 240

Cor.

Cor. Let me but stand : I will not hurt your hearth.

3 Serv. What are you ?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station : here's no place for you ; pray you avoid : come.

Cor. Follow your functions, go, 250
And batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*]

3 Serv. What, will you not ? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 Serv. And I shall.

[*Exit.*]

3 Serv. Where dwell'st thou ?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 Serv. Under the canopy !

Cor. Ay.

3 Serv. Where's that ?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 Serv. I' the city of kites and crows ?—What an ass it is !—Then thou dwell'st with daws too ! 261

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 Serv. How, sir ! Do you meddle with my master ?

Cor. Ay ; 'tis honest service, than to meddle with thy mistress :

Thou prat'st, and prat'st ; serve with thy trencher, hence ! [*Beats him away.*]

Enter

Enter AUFIDIUS, with the Second Serving-Man.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 Serv. Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what would'st thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: what's thy name? 71

Cor. If, Tullus,

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscies' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face 280
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st
thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath
done

To thee particularly, and to all the Volscies,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited 290
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure

Which

Which thou shouldst bear me, only that name remains :

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest ;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth : Not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life ; for if 300
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee : but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee
straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn ; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee ; for I will fight 310
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
tunes

Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice ;
Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool ;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless 320
It be to do thee service.

Auf.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my
heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and
say,

"Tis true;" I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest 330
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I marry'd; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell
thee,

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose 340
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose my arm for't: Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dream't of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy

Marcius,

Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all

From methou

From twelve to seventy : and, pouring war 350
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'erbeat. O, come, go in,
 And take our friendly senators by the hands ;
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepar'd against your territories,
 Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, Gods !

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt
 have

The leading of thine own revenges, take
 The one half of my commission ; and set down—
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
 Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own
 ways :

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come in ;
 Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
 Say, " yea," to thy desires. A thousand welcomes !
 And more a friend than e'er an enemy :

Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand :
 Most welcome ! *[Exeunt.]*

1 *Serv.* Here's a strange alteration ! 170

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have
 stricken him with a cudgel ; and yet my mind
 gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has ! He turn'd me
 about with his finger and his thumb, as one would
 set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was
 something in him : He had, sir, a kind of face,
 methought—I cannot tell how to term it. 380

1 *Serv.*

1 *Serv.* He had so ; looking, as it were--
'Would I were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn : He is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think he is : but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who ? my master ?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so, neither : but I take him to be the greater soldier. 391

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that : for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O slaves ! I can tell you news ; news, you rascals.

Both. What, what, what ? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations ; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man. 400

Both. Wherefore ? wherefore ?

3 *Serv.* Why here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say thwack our general ?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general ; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends : he was ever too hard for him ; I have heard him say so himself. 409

1 *Serv.*

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly. to say the troth on't: before Corioli. he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on herewithin. as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the whites o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday: for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He will go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine. 430

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't; For look you, sir; he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir (as it were), durst not (look you, sir) shew themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! What's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward? 440

3 *Serv.* To-morrow, to-day, presently. You

3

K

shall

shall have the drum struck up this afternoon : 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I : it exceeds peace, as far as day does night : it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy ; mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible ; a getter of more bastard children, than war's a destroyer of men. 453

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so : and as war in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher ; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason ; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscies.—They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

A public Place in Rome. Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him ;

His remedies are tame i'the present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before

Were

Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.—

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he! O, he is grown most kind
Of late.—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much miss'd,
But with his friends: the commonwealth doth
stand;

And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much
better, if

He could have temporiz'd. 480

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his
wife

Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on
our knees,

Are

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours! We wish'd

Coriolanus 490

Had lov'd you as we did.

All. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving— 500

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports—The Volscs with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories; 511
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which

Which were in-shell'd, when Marcius stood for
Rome,

And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot
be,

The Volsces dare break with us.

521

Men. Cannot be!

We have record that very well it can;

And three examples of the like have been

Within my age. But reason with the fellow,

Before you punish him, where he heard this;

Lest you should chance to whip your information,

And beat the messenger who bids beware

Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me;

530

I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate house; some news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;—

Go, whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mes. Yes, worthy sir,

The slave's report is seconded; and more, 540
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mes. It is spoke freely out of many mouths
(How probable, I do not know) that Marcius,

Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again. 550

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them. 560

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters,
and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses—

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burn'd in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, the news?— 570

You

You have made fair work, I fear me :—Pray,
your news?

If Marcius should be join'd with the Volsces——

Com. If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work, 580
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com. He'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit.
You have made fair work!

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and, who resist, 590
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame
him?

Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?

The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds; for his best friends, if they
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd
him even 600

As

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like enemies,

Men. 'Tis true :

If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, " 'Beseech you, cease."—You have made
fair hands,

You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

610

Tri. Say not we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but,
like beasts,

And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But, I fear,
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer :—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

620

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters!—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,

And

And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter ;
If he could burn us all into one coal, 630
We have deserv'd it.

Omnes. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I ; and, to say the truth, so
did very many of us : That we did, we did for the
best ; and though we willingly consented to his
banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices !

Men. You have made you
Good work, you and your cry !—Shall us to the
Capitol ?

Com. O, ay ; what else ? [*Exeunt. COM. and MEN.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dis-
may'd ;

These are a side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And shew no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us ! Come, masters,
let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong,
when we banish'd him. 651

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol :—'Would, half my
wealth

Would buy this for a lie !

Sic. Pray, let us go.

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

SCENE

SCENE VII.

A Camp; at a small Distance from Rome. Enter
AUFIDIUS, with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieut. I do not know what witchcraft's in him;
 but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat, 660
 Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
 And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
 Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
 Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
 Of our design. He bears himself more proudly
 Even to my person, than I thought he would,
 When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
 In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
 What cannot be amended. 670

Lieut. Yet I wish, sir.
 (I mean for your particular), you had not
 Join'd in commission with him: but either borne
 The action of yourself, or else to him
 Had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
 When he shall come to his account, he knows not
 What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
 And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
 To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
 And shews good husbandry for the Volscian state:
 Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon

As draw his sword ; yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieut. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry
Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down ;
And the nobility of Rome are his :

The senators, and patricians, love him too :

The tribunes are no soldiers ; and their people 690

Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty

To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome

As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it

By sovereignty of nature. First he was

A noble servant to them ; but he could not

Carry his honours even : whether 'twas pride,

Which out of daily fortune ever taints

The happy man ; whether defect of judgment,

To fail in the disposing of those chances

Which he was lord of ; or whether nature, 700

Not to be other than one thing, not moving

From the casque to the cushion, but commanding
peace

Even with the same austerity and garb

As he controlled the war : but, one of these

(As he hath spices of them all, not all,

For I dare so far free him), made him fear'd,

So hated, and so banish'd : but he has a merit,

To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues

Lie in the interpretation of the time :

And power, unto itself most commendable, 710

Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair

To extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail ;

Right's

Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do
fail.

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou
mine. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A public place in Rome. Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS, with others.

Menenius.

No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father;
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name;
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops 11
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
'Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why so; you have made good work:

A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap : A noble memory !

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When least it was expected : He reply'd, 21
It was a bare petition of a state,
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well :
Could he say less ?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends : His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff : He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt, 30
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two ?
I am one of those ; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains :
You are the musty chaff ; and you are smelt
Above the moon : We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient : If you refuse your
aid
To this so never-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make, 41
Might stop our countrymen.

Men. No ; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do ?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,

Unheard; what then?—

50

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will

Must have that thanks from Rome, after the mea-
sure

As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it :

I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well ; he had not din'd :

The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then 60

We pout upon the morning, are unapt

To give or to forgive ; but when we have stuff'd

These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood

With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls

Than in our priest-like fasts : therefore I'll watch
him

'Till he be dieted to my request,

And then I'll set upon him.

Bru Yon know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him, 70
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have know-
ledge

Of my success.

[*Exit.*

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome : and his injury
The goaler to his pity. I kneel'd before him:
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand ; What he would do,
He

He sent in writing after me ; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions :
So that all hope is vain ;
Unless his noble mother, and his wife,
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country—Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The Volscian Camp. Enter MENENIUS to the
Watch, or Guard.*

1 *Watch.* Stay : Whence are you ?

2 *Watch.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men : 'tis well : But by
your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

90

1 *Watch.* From whence ?

Men. From Rome.

1 *Watch.* You may not pass, you must return :
our general

Will no more hear from thence.

2 *Watch.* You'll see your Rome embrac'd with
fire, before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good, my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My

100

My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1 *Watch.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name

Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;

For I have ever verifi'd my friends
(Of whom he's chief), with all the size that verity
Would, without lapsing, suffer; nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground, 111
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing: Therefore,
fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

1 *Watch.* Faith, sir, if you had told as many
lies in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your
own, you should not pass here: no, though it were
as virtuous to lie, as to live chastely. Therefore,
go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is
Menenius, always factionary on the party of your
general. 121

2 *Watch.* Howsoever you have been his liar (as
you say, you have), I am one that, telling true
under him, must say, you cannot pass. There-
fore, go back.

Men. Has he din'd, canst thou tell? for I would
not speak with him 'till after dinner.

1 *Watch.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is. 128

1 *Watch.* Then you should hate Rome, as he
does.

does. Can you, when you have push'd out of your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsy'd intercession of such a decay'd dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome; and prepare for your execution: you are condemned—our general hath sworn you out of reprieve and pardon. 141

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 Watch. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 Watch. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back—that's the utmost of your having;—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow—

Enter CORIOLANUS, with AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now, that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoop for what's to

come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee: but, being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs

Are servanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd
thee,

Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, 180

[*Gives him a Letter.*

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome; yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper. [*Exeunt.*

Remain the Guard, and MENENIUS.

1 *Watch.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *Watch.*

2 Watch. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power:
You know the way home again.

1 Watch. Do you hear how we are shent for
keeping your greatness back?

2 Watch. What cause, do you think, I have to
swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your ge-
neral: for such things as you, I can scarce think
there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a
will to die by himself, fears it not from another.
Let your general do his worst. For you, be that
you are, long; and your misery increase with your
age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

1 Watch. A noble fellow, I warrant him. 199

2 Watch. The worthy fellow is our general:
He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Tent. Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-
morrow

Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends

You have respected; stopped your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted

A private

A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you. 210

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father:
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have
(Though I shewed sourly to him) once more of-
fer'd

The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to—Ha! what shout is this? 222

[*Shout within.*

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

*Enter VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, VALERIA, and young
MARCUS, with attendants, all in mourning.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild of her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!

Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—

What is that curt'sy worth? or those dove's eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am
not 231

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a mole-hill should
In supplication nod; and my young boy

Hath

Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, "Deny not."—Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin. 240

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in
Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor, now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace.—Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, "Forgive our Romans."—O, a kiss,
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge! 250
Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knée, i' the earth!

[*Kneels.*

Of thy deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.

Pol. O, stand up blest!

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and improperly 260
Shew duty, as mistaken all the while [Kneels.
Between the child and parent.

Cor. What is this?

Your knees to me! to your corrected son!
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach

Fillip

Fillip the stars : then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun ;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior ; 270
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady ?

[*Pointing to VALERIA.*

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple : Dear Valeria !

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
[*Shewing young MARCIUS.*
Which by the interpretation of full time
May shew like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform 280
Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou may'st
prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee !

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace :
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before ; 290
The things I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics :—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural : Desire not

To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. Oh, no more, no more !

You have said, you will not grant us any thing ;
For we have nothing else to ask ; but that 300
Which you deny already : Yet we will ask ;
That, if we fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness : therefore, hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark ; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your re-
quest ?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our
raiment

And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither : since that thy sight, which
should 310

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and
sorrow ;

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy : For how can we,
Alas ! how can we for our country pray, 319
Whereto we are bound ; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find

An

An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win : for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets ; or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin ;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed 329
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, 'till
These wars determine : if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your
name
Living to time. 310

Boy. He shall not tread on me ;
I'll run away 'till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volscies whom you serve, you might condemn
us,

As poisonous of your honour ; No : our suit 350
Is, that you reconcile them : while the Volscies
May say, " This mercy we have shew'd ;" the
Romans,

" This we receiv'd ;" and each in either side

Give

Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be blest
"For making up this peace!" Thou know'st,
great son,

The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ—"The man was noble,
"But with his last attempt he wip'd it out; 361
"Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
"To the ensuing age, abhorr'd." Speak to me,
son:

Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt,
That should but rive an oak: Why dost not speak:
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man 369
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the
world

More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me
prate,

Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy
life

Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back. But, if it be not so, 380
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,

That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away :
 Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down : An end ;
 'This is the last :—So we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us :
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowship, 390
 Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go ;
 This fellow had a Volsce unto his mother ;
 His wife is in Corioli, and this child
 Like him by chance.—Yet give us our dispatch :
 I am hush'd till our city be afire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. Mother, mother!——

[Holds her by the Hands, silent.]

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene 400
 They laugh at. O, my mother, mother! O!
 You have won a happy victory to Rome :
 But, for your son—believe it, O believe it,
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him. But let it come :—
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
 Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
 A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

410

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:
 And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
 Mine eyes sweat compassion. But, good sir,
 What

What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part, I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you: and pray you, Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour

At difference in thee; out of that I'll work Myself a former fortune. [*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*

Cor. Ay, by and by; 420

But we will drink together; and you shall bear
[*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*

A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Forum, in Rome. Enter MENENIUS, and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yon coign o' the Capitol; yon corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that? 430

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenc'd, and stay upon execution.

Sic.

Sic. I'st possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing. 441

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight-year old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in. 452

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger: and that shall our poor city find; and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us! 459

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house:

The

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mes. Good news, good news!—The ladies have
prevail'd, 470

The Volsces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,

Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mes. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide,
As the re-comforted through the gates. Why,
hark you!

[Trumpets, Hautboys, Drums beat, all together.

The trumpets, sacbuts, psalteries, and fifes, 480
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you!

[A Shout within.

Men. This is good news:

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[Sound still, with the Shouts.

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings ;
next,

Accept my thankfulness. 491

Mes. Sir, we have all great cause to give great
thanks.

Sic. They are near the city ?

Mes. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter two Senators, with the Ladies, passing over
the Stage, &c. &c.*

Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome :
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires ; strew flowers before
them :

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother : 500
Cry—Welcome, ladies, welcome !——

All. Welcome, ladies, welcome !

[*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A public Place in Antium. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here :
Deliver them this paper : having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place ; where I,
Even

Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: Dispatch.—
Most welcome! 510

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' Faction.

1 Con. How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so,

As with a man by his own alms im-poison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;

We must proceed, as we do find the people. 520

3 Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of
either

Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;

And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so height-
en'd,

He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so many friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before 530
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 Con.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping—

Auf. That I would have spoke of;
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men: serv'd his design-
ments

In my own person; help to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: 'till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

2 *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory— 551

Auf. There was it;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon
him.

At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and Trumpets sound, with great
Shouts of the People.*]

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcome home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise. 560

Con.

2 Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats
tear,
With giving him glory.

3 Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more ; 570
Here come the Lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.

But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 Lord. And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines ; but there to end,
Where he was to begin : and give away 580
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge ; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding : This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with Drums and Colours ; the
Commons being with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords ! I am return'd your soldier ;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than

Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to 590
The gates of Rome. Our spoil, we have brought
home,

Doth more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: And we here de-
liver,

Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree 600
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou
think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome 610
(I say, your city), to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk: never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He win'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart

Look'd

Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?—

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears—

Cor. Ha!

620

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my
heart

Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave
lords,

Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes imprest upon him; that
Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

1 Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak. 630

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volscres, men and lads,
Stain all your edges in me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscres in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears? 640

All. Con. Let him die for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces, do it presently.

[*The Crowd speak promiscuously.*]

He kill'd my son—My daughter—He kill'd my
cousin Marcus.

He kill'd my father.—

2 Lord. Peace, ho!—no outrage;—peace.—

The

The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth : His last offence to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him, 650
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword !

Auf. Insolent villain !

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill
MARCIVS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands
on him.]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus—

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be
quiet ;

Put up your swords. 661

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in
this rage,

Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him : let him be regarded 670
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 Lord.

2 Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame :
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up :—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers ; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully :—
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one, 681
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—
Assist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of MARCIUS. A
dead March sounded.*]

THE END.



